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The MENTOR

September 1927

Cover Drawn and Engraved on Wood by Howard McCormick

DO'S AND DON'TS OF ANTIQUE COLLECTING

THE $15,000,000 HUNTINGTON COLLECTION

Borrowing fire from Della Robbia

MASTERS of Art they were. Masters of enameling on clay. Their gems of modeling covered with brilliant colors are unequaled today. And the gifted craftsmen of Venice and Limoges have left us superb proof of their ability to apply enamel to metal.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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"You Didn't Say a Single Word All Evening"

"HOW could I? I didn't even know what they were talking about."

"Well, Ralph, I wouldn't brag about that."

"But how was I supposed to know that they were going to talk literature and art? If they had discussed real estate, I could have chatted with them easily—all evening. . . ."

"Business, always business! If you were a big enough real estate man you'd know how to forget business and talk of other things in company!"

"I never felt so uncomfortable in my life," he said ruefully. "Couldn't even follow the drift of things. What was all the discussion about some poet who was killed in the war?"

"Really, Ralph—you should keep more abreast of things. I was surprised that you didn't contribute at least one idea or opinion to the whole evening's discussion."

He turned to her, curiosity and admiration mingling in his smile. "You were certainly a shining light tonight, Peg! You more than made up for my deficiency."

Many Wives are Keeping Pace with Successful Husbands —This Pleasant Way

Peg was grateful for her husband's praise, and Ralph was quick to observe this. He moved closer to Peg, glad that he had succeeded in diverting attention from himself. "You were the prettiest and the cleverest woman at that dinner, dear," he added. "What a pity it is that we business men cannot find the time to devote to books and reading. Now women—"

"One moment, Ralph, I know what you are going to say—something about women having more time. But, my dear, you know that for the modern woman that is not so! Let me tell you the secret of it all. Do you remember that Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book I purchased several months ago? You were rather skeptical about it. Well, I have been reading it in my spare moments ever since."

"That sounds interesting. Tell me more about it."

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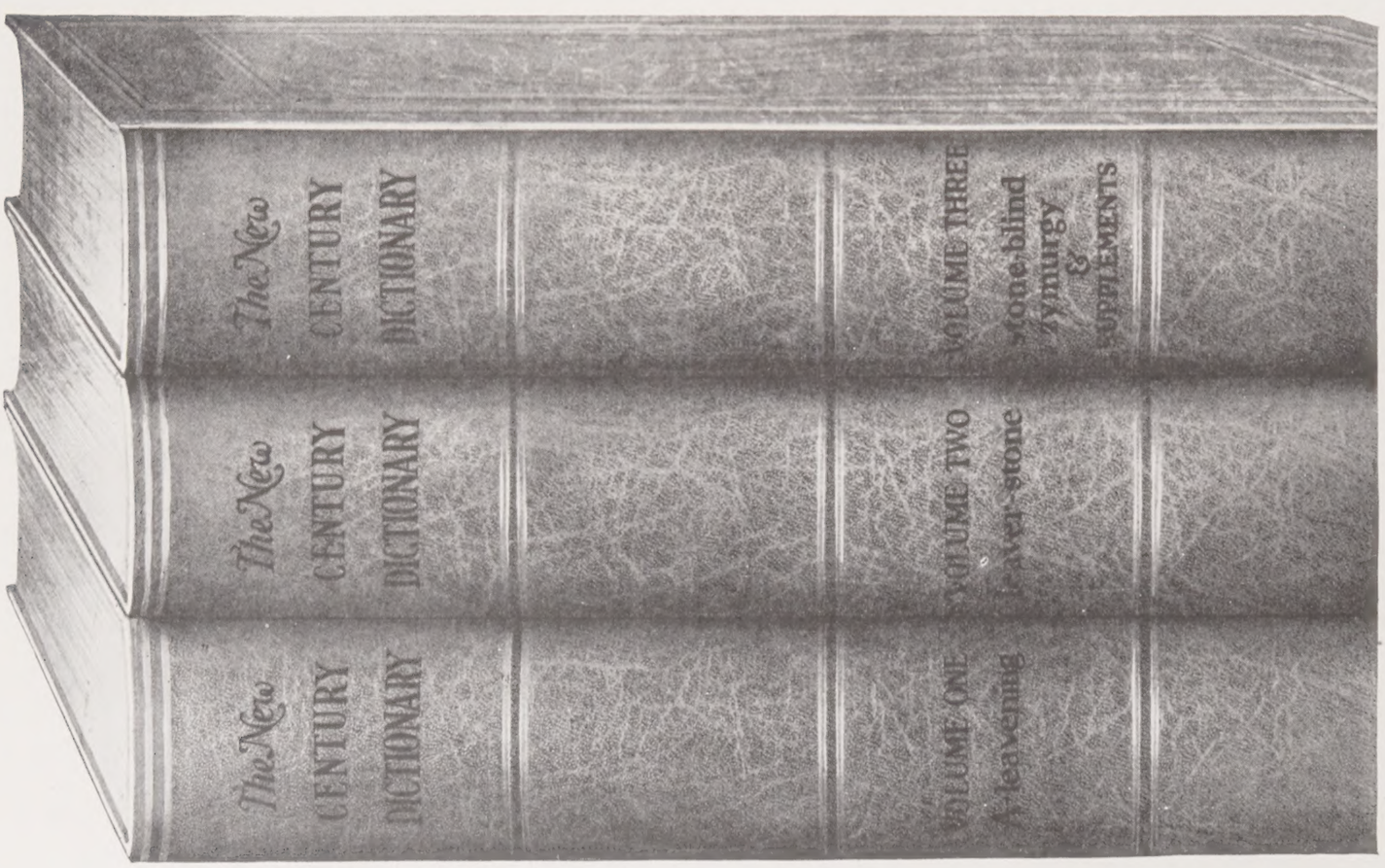

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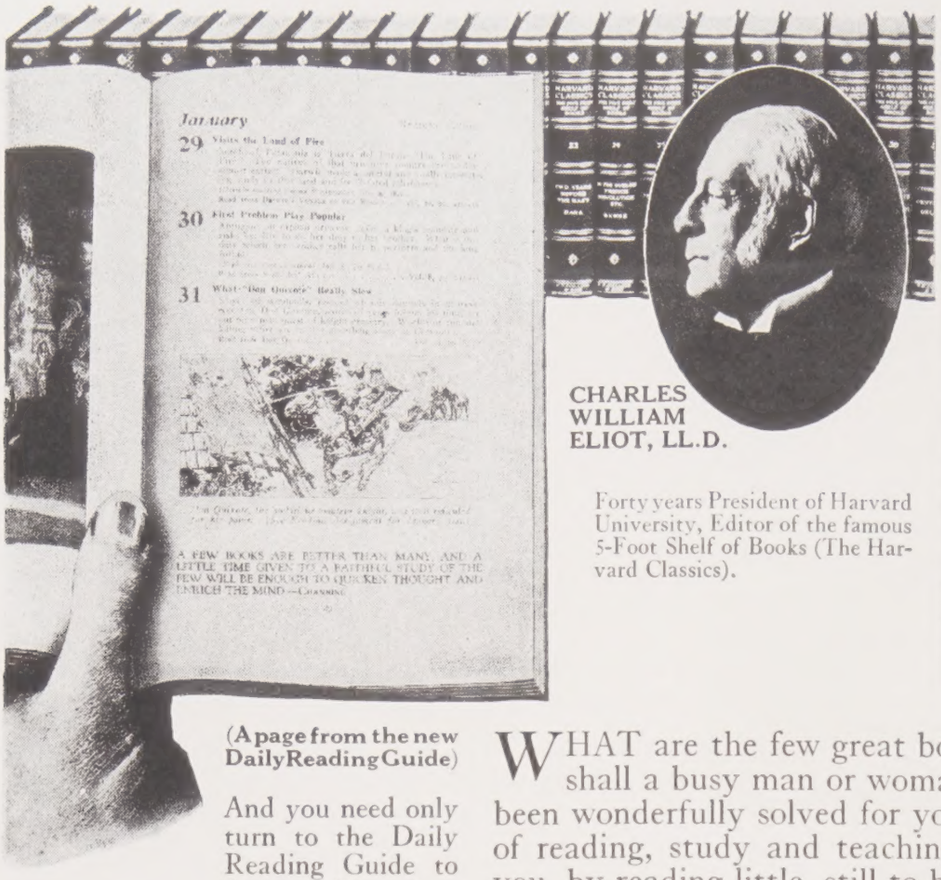
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A FEW BOOKS ARE BETTER THAN MANY, AND A LITTLE TIME GIVEN TO A FAITHFUL STUDY OF THE FEW WILL BE ENOUGH TO QUICKEN THOUGHT AND ENRICH THE MIND.—Channing

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DO'S *and* DON'TS *of* ANTIQUE COLLECTING

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

Mattie Edwards Hewitt

WE ARE *a nation of collectors. Someone has said that an American man, woman or child who wasn't collecting something was not normal. Many of us have had to go through varied salutary experiences—more or less expensive—in order to learn what to do and what not to do in collecting antiques. Today there are thousands of homes that are genuine treasure houses, filled with rare and fine furniture, rugs, china, glass and other articles of domestic use. In the following pages various kinds of collecting activities are pictured and described. The illustrations accompanying the text are not simply reproductions of scenic settings arranged as models for photography but, for the most part, they are interiors of real American homes*

Muttie Edwards Hewitt

RECALLING BYGONE DAYS

A ROOM aglow with the beauty of common things. A telling preachment on the choice and harmonious placing of old-time furnishings. The owner has matched his chairs, tables, footstools, rugs and pictures to the type of ancient dwelling he has elected to make his home. Details such as the lamps and wag-on-the-wall, the warming pan and fire irons are in keeping with the crude simplicity of wide flooring, wooden walls, beamed ceiling. A many-paned window lets in light on a demure dressing table with period mirror and bottles; a chest used as a seat has decorations of hand-wrought scrollwork

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The hearth from the pre-Revolutionary drawing-room of the splendid mansion of Samuel Powel, still standing on South Third Street, Philadelphia. The room, with its paneled walls and fine-grained mahogany, is now installed in the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum, New York

DO'S *and* DON'TS *of* ANTIQUE COLLECTING

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

FORTY years ago an antique, except for a very small number of people, was any old junk which wasn't in the current style. During the now ridiculed 1890's (actually a stirring and important period) a renaissance of taste began and an antique speedily became something manufactured for household use or ornament before, say, 1820; *i. e.*, in the style of the Colonies or the early Republic. Today, so widely has the craze for antiques spread, so great is the demand, that an antique seems once more to be any old junk not in the current styles. They even call hideous pressed glass made as late as 1885 antique!

The first *Don't* of antique collecting is this: "*Don't* consider anything an antique which does not date back a hundred years or more. If you follow this rule you will be in much less danger of gathering in a lot of intrinsically worthless junk. I do not mean that everything made in America (and Europe, too, for that matter) after

Mattie Edwards Hewitt

"The wise collector will have his eye peeled wherever he goes for the chance to purchase an old mantel frame, a door, a panel, a strip of molding"

the 1820's was junk. But, alas! artistically most of it was. It was hideous. First a degenerate style, and then machine processes of manufacture, swept over the Western World.

Unless a person is collecting to illustrate historic periods, or from sentimental or commercial motives, he had best leave the last three quarters of the nineteenth century alone. That is the period of black walnut furniture, black marble fireplaces, Currier and Ives lithographs and so-called "Sandwich" glass. Currier and Ives lithographs and "Sandwich" glass are both widely collected today as antiques and often bring high prices. In nearly all instances, however, they are artistically worse than useless—they are positively hideous, as hideous as another much-sought mid-century product—Bennington dogs. What is the use of spending good money on such junk unless you desire to illustrate how our forefathers lived prior to the Civil War? If you want to collect antiques, however, in order to surround yourself in your home with beautiful handmade objects, mellow in tone and lovely in line, stick to the periods before 1820.

Colonial rushlight and holder

And here comes a *Do* of antique collecting: *Do* collect what is intrinsically beautiful, what is artistic as well as historical. Unless you are equipping an historical exhibition there is no other real reason for collecting. For the price of a Currier and Ives lithograph you can get three or four modern lithographs fifty times as well printed, and a hundred times as well drawn. "Sandwich" glass is now reproduced and can be bought in the five-and-ten-cent stores if you feel you must have it. Indeed, it is often bought there and then resold to you as an "antique"! But no hardware store, try as it may, can reproduce the hand-wrought latches and hinges on many an old farmhouse door and shutter; nor can your carpenter with his modern universal plane reproduce the delicate irregularities of the fluting on an old pine corner cupboard; and when it comes to such an aristocrat of the household as a highboy, where style and proportion count so heavily, not one modern reproduction out of fifty quite strikes the authentic note. *Do* collect what is intrinsically beautiful, unique and permanently valuable. *Don't* collect junk just because it happens to be a current fad. Currier and Ives prints, Bennington dogs, "Sandwich" glass, American bottles, may all have a sentimental or historical interest; but they are junk, nevertheless. Leave them alone, at any rate until you have surrounded yourself with beautiful things of real artistic worth.

Samuel Willard clock

Perhaps the first specific *Do* of antique collecting in America, from my point of view, would be, *Do* collect mahogany furniture and the

trim which goes with it. The latter, of course, is difficult and expensive to collect for most people. You have to be around where fine old houses are being wrecked, and you have to store the moldings, panels, etc., somewhere till you can use them in a house of your own. But nothing can serve as the base and setting of an antique collection so well as authentic old woodwork, so the wise collector will have his eye peeled wherever he goes for the chance to purchase an old mantel frame, a door, a twenty-four-inch-wide pine panel, a strip of molding, even old pine boards, and so on. My own dining-room is entirely walled with old panels gathered over a wide stretch of country, and the mantel came from a house that was falling into ruin.

A New England Betty lamp

I say, also, to collect first of all mahogany furniture, for the simple reason that in its day—the later eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries—this furniture was the best made, both in design and in workmanship. Mahogany was then the aristocrat of furniture wood, as it still is, for that matter. It was the wood of Chippendale and Sheraton, and in America of Savery and Duncan Phyfe. Why not start with the best? Our ancestors didn't put Windsor chairs and pine tables, nor even maple furniture, in their parlors—not when they could afford anything better. They used mahogany. We are paying a dubious compliment to their sense of fitness when we shellac a cheap old pine table into a shrieking yellow color and stick it beside the Steinway, largely because it is "early American pine" and the dealer soaked us $150 for it. It remains a kitchen table just the same.

Don't, in other words, assume that just because a thing is a hundred or two hundred years old its intrinsic nature has been changed. If it was a rough, simple piece for a farm kitchen it still is!

Lantern that hung on Liberty Tree, Boston, 1766

Very early American furniture —*i. e.*, of the seventeenth century —is rare and therefore expensive. It is rare now because it was rare then. The early settlers lived very simply, and it was some time before they could afford either to import much furniture from England or take time to make it here. A genuine Carver chair (like that in the Pilgrim Museum at Plymouth) is worth many hundreds of dollars. An authentic Connecticut chest, so called—an oak chest, often with panels and split-spindle decorations—is also worth a large sum. Early butterfly tables bring high prices. All such items from the seventeenth century are simple and solid in construction, of enduring materials, and by their very survival down the years tell a story of our rugged pioneer past. They have the beauty, too, of very aged

Mahogany highboy and ladder-back chair, eighteenth-century print, crystal chandelier, paneled door and hand-painted Chinese wall paper from the Samuel Powel drawing-room

Mattie Edwards Hewitt

Going back a century and a half to the days when New York was a colony and homes in the country all had hand-made furnishings. Living-room in a house at Brookville, Long Island, N. Y.

oak and almost medieval lines. Especially if you are the happy possessor of a really old house, a pre-Revolutionary War house, I can think of few things more satisfactory to collect than a Connecticut or Hadley chest, a Carver or similar seventeenth-century chair, an old dresser for the kitchen and some turned wooden pitchers, with a few pewter plates and other domestic utensils. All the Currier and Ives prints, all the "Sandwich" glass in America, will not give you the enduring satisfaction you will find in a Connecticut chest of 1670 or, for your more æsthetic moods, a fine cherry (if you can't find nor afford mahogany) highboy of 1770.

There was nothing our ancestors admired more than porcelain—or "China ware." During the seventeenth century it was, of course, all imported from China and was possessed only by the rich, but in the eighteenth century the secret of porcelain was discovered in Europe, and thereafter much beautiful porcelain was made in Germany, France and England. Also pottery was greatly improved, and Wedgwood and the Staffordshire potter turned out fine ware in England. The Staffordshire "blue ware," with printed designs, often pictures of actual places, was made in quantities for the American trade well into the nineteenth century. At the same time the so-called "Lowestoft" china (really made in China, with designs upon it often furnished by English or American customers) was brought to Europe and America by the shipload.

Do collect some of this old china and pottery. It has color, usefulness, charm, fitness. It goes with an old house or a new one. Old Chelsea or Crown Derby china, ornamented with gay flowers and honey-gold bands, is a lovely thing. The slightly "greasy" texture and bluish color of Lowestoft china and the characteristic red of its designs are fascinating. The deep blue of an early Staffordshire plate or platter is charming and you *Don't* need to worry about what the design is. Pick up the casual plate for its color note and let the more specialized collectors pay their higher prices for the one which bears a picture, say, of Harvard Hall in Cambridge.

Candlestick and snuffers

Mattie Edwards Hewett

From the timbers of an old barn at Ashfield, Massachusetts, Mr. Harry T. Curtis has fashioned a summer home full of enchanting crannies authentic in all their charming details. Note pewter, bottles, hatbox, door hinges

Don't collect American glass—not, at any rate, until you have gathered around you objects of greater artistic worth and can then afford to turn your attention to a very highly specialized hobby wherein you need much knowledge to escape being swindled and wherein the objects collected are of small intrinsic value—like postage stamps. Certain postage stamps cost as much as a painting by a fine artist; but that doesn't mean that they have any value as art. Certain pieces of early American glass—Wistarberg or Stiegel—cost large sums, also. But, alas! that doesn't mean they are intrinsically worth it. The truth is, most American glass was a second-rate imitation of European glass or else later a merely mechanical and ugly product, like the pressed glass referred to. Collecting it is either a fad or the job of museums. The ordinary person wishing to collect something from the past of real beauty and *artistic* value would far better stick to china and pottery, in which his own instinct for what is attractive will be a fairly serviceable guide. *Don't*, however, begin paying high prices for specialized Lowestoft designs and for eighteenth-century English china till you have studied the subject and know your way about. There are too many unscrupulous dealers.

There are many pleasant byways of antique collecting which have less to do with art and more with the history of manners, with sentiment. Each person will follow his own inclination in picking these byways. But nearly all of them offer a good deal of pleasure. Old silver, of course, is not one of them, because old silver is an art product, of constantly increasing value. I mean such things as samplers, bandboxes, portrait silhouettes (cut out of black paper and an early equivalent of our photography), dolls and toys, and so forth. In an old house in Plymouth is a collection of eighteenth-century dolls which is altogether delightful. Many of the dolls are costume plates of the period, of course, and have a real historical value. Ancient samplers, generally worked by small girls, make attractive wall

Eighteenth-century inkstand

"Lowestoft" china was made in China from designs often furnished by English or American customers. Its texture and bluish color and peculiar shade of red are fascinating characteristics. These plates and sugar bowls are part of a treasured set in the Metropolitan Museum

decorations in such houses as are old enough to comport with them. Old hooked rugs also go well in simple old houses but do not go well on modern oak floors and should not be collected unless you have a proper place to put them. *Don't* collect things which you cannot exhibit in fitting surroundings and *Don't* collect things unless they also have some inherent charm. If they are actually ugly, no matter how historic, save them if you like for a museum or in your attic but don't try to furnish your house with them.

I am, however, omitting the most important *Do* of all and putting the cart before the horse. The most important *Do* of all in antique collecting is: Study the subject before you begin actually to collect; learn something about fair current prices (not the often-inflated auction-room prices) and, still more, learn to discriminate between what is good and what is only commonplace in workmanship and design. Learn to detect what the collector calls "style" in a chair or table or piece of hardware. If you *Don't* thus equip yourself in advance you will waste much money and gather in a lot of second-rate material to clutter your house before experience teaches you what to buy. *Don't* think that you know all about antiques because you subscribe to a magazine about them and have been to three country auctions!

There is, of course, no royal road to knowledge in the antique game, any more than in any other. But from the experience of a good many experts I am convinced that the very best way to acquire a flair for style, a sense of what is excellent in design and workmanship and also to avoid being taken in by avaricious dealers is to handle good examples yourself all you can

A bandbox and two hatboxes covered with decorated paper of antique manufacture. Bandboxes were so called because they were made to hold the bands or neck ruffs worn by the well-dressed man of a few score years ago

and to work over them with tools. Suppose you take a well-made and well-designed Windsor chair, containing the authentic wood but covered with three or four layers of paint, for a very simple starter. Get some paint remover and go at it. After getting all the paint off you can with the chemical, use a scraper to clean it down thoroughly. In the process you will get the "feel" of the various woods used in this chair—probably maple for the legs, pine for the seat, hickory for the spindles and hickory or ash for the arch of the back. You will also learn to tell a whittled spindle from a turned one, and as you handle the chair and view it from every angle you will get an intimate sense of its design and come to know whether the rake of the legs is good or not.

Mattie Edwards Hewitt

"*Do* be on the lookout for such antiques as express a sense of beauty and fitness, this style of the elder days of craftsmanship"

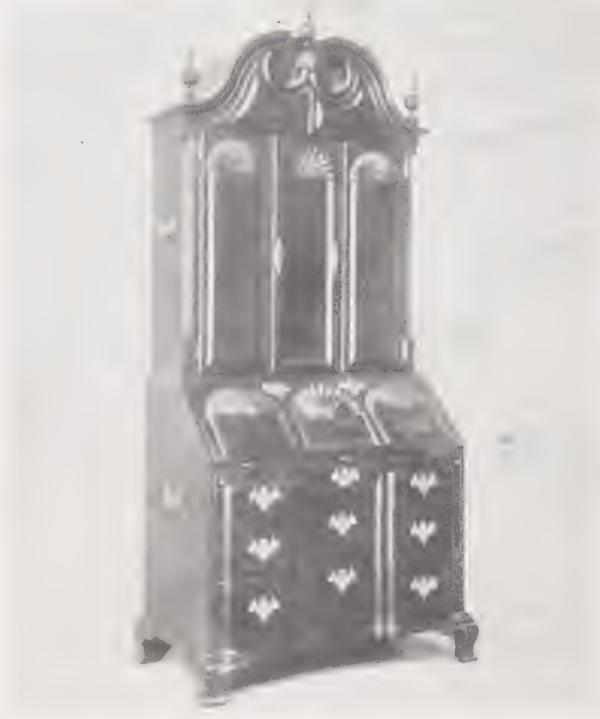
Take, again, an old maple rope bed and clean that up ready for use. Then go at once to some furniture store and look at a modern reproduction of a similar bed. Your handling of the old piece will have disclosed to you differences in turning between the posts, some of them perhaps unnoticeable to the eye. One acorn top, perhaps, will feel a shade fatter to your palm as you polish it. But the reproduction will have four posts mechanically turned, as interchangeable as the parts of a flivver.

Or "do over" an old bureau or chest of drawers and note the happy-go-lucky dovetailing which, however, always comes together right, the kind of woods used for the backing, the style of the crown molding under the top and similar details. After ascertaining what each kind of wood is use your thumbnail on the back of it, both with and across the grain, and rub it with your fingers, also, in order that you may know how it reacts to such pressure and how it feels. Also, scrape off a little section to remove all dirt and surface decay and get a good picture of what the grain looks like and the color. Note the difference in color between old pine and new pine, between cherry and the unstained side of mahogany. Many people, for instance, are surprised to learn that old mahogany, if it has not been stained, isn't red but brown—almost the color of wine. A great deal of modern "mahogany" is good, honest birch with a red stain slapped into it.

Finally, *Don't* neglect any opportunity to see and study good antiques in museums and other collections—in such places as the Peabody Museum in Salem, for example; the Pendleton collection, Providence; the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the Van Cortlandt Manor House, New York. Here you will see absolutely authentic antiques of the best obtainable designs exhibited in settings appropriate to them and learn, as it were, what to aim for. I can imagine no single thing more valuable to the would-be collector than to stand for fifteen minutes before a William Savery highboy, just absorbing the proportions, the elegant, tall dignity of it, the grace of the cabriole legs, the richness of the carving with its high lights making more satiny the dark old mahogany. Such a piece of furniture shows us how much style the eighteenth century had, how much our ancestors enjoyed the beauty of design and proportion. And, consequently, it increases our interest and ability to look for style, for the beauty of design and proportion, in the

antiques we have the good fortune to collect.

And *Don't* think that these qualities are only to be found in mahogany highboys and other pieces perhaps beyond your means. They often exist in a cobra hinge on a barn door, forged by some village blacksmith, or in the graceful curve of a "goose neck" andiron or in the cabriole legs of a simple pine or maple table, or the sawed-out design on the top of a banister-back chair, or in the design of the wings on a butterfly table, or in a hundred places where the ancient craftsmen found a chance to express the style of their age, their sense of beauty and fitness, even though their materials were humble.



the American Wing, Metropolitan Museum of Art

Mahogany desk, Rhode Island style, made by an American cabinet maker about 1750 to 1775

Do be on the lookout for such antiques as express this sense of beauty and fitness, this style of the elder days of hand craftsmanship. Once you have developed your own eye to detect it nothing less will really satisfy you and you need never go very far wrong in your collecting if you *Do* collect what you like and admire—and let the fads of the hour go and come as the wind listeth. *Don't* pay any attention to them.

Entrance hall at "Westover," ancestral home of the Virginia Byrds, who were proprietors of the estate from late in the seventeenth century to early in the nineteenth. The old-time furniture, woodwork and ornaments represent the work of master craftsmen of Europe

ANTIQUE TREASURES *of the* WAYSIDE INN

THE UPPER HALL

A gallery of antiquities, including a carved Connecticut chest (left) and a fine Hadley chest, a "stretcher" table, slat and splat-back chairs, old wall paper, rugs, prints and walnut mirrors

THE hand of progress, that has leveled so many priceless landmarks, has rested lightly on the countryside about Sudbury town, "remote among the wooded hills of Massachusetts." Near-by Concord and Lexington are the same straggling Colonial villages today as when "through the night rode Paul Revere, and through the night went the cry of alarm to every Middlesex village and farm."

For the Wayside Inn, reposing in the fields adjoining Sudbury, Father Time mercifully has turned back the clock. No longer do we recognize Longfellow's description of the ancient hostelry, "somewhat fallen to decay, with weather stains upon the wall, and stairways worn and crazy doors, and creaking and uneven floors," for its span of life has been renewed by the sympathetic interest of Mr. Henry Ford. Not only are all lovers of Americana indebted to Mr. Ford for the restoration of this landmark, fragrant with historical and literary associations, but also for the intelligent care with which he has revived the charm of its Colonial furnishings. Its primitive setting has not escaped his attention, and simple industries, including grist mill and saw mill, have a share in creating an atmosphere appropriate to the sturdy ideals that cradled American institutions.

The architecture of the Wayside Inn has the dignified simplicity that harmonizes so graciously with the character of the Colonialists. The hip roof, however, is more frequently seen in the Holland-Dutch settlements of New York than in New England. The original house, built as a homestead by the Howe family early in the eighteenth century, was a small one-story affair. The roof was raised in after years, wings added, dormer windows put in and a porch built over the front entrance. The property was part of a grant bought in 1684 from the Indians.

"During the process of constructing the house," says a historian of Sudbury, "the workmen resorted for safety at night at the Parmenter garrison, a place about a half mile away. The safety sought was probably from the raids of Indians, who long after

The parlor, "where the 'Tales' were told"

Around the fireside at their ease
There sat a group of friends . . .
Who from the far-off noisy town
Had to the wayside inn come down
To rest beneath its old oak trees

Philip's War closed made occasional incursions upon the borders of the frontier towns."

Long before the Revolution the tavern was called "The Red Horse" and received the patronage of wayfarers on the stage and post route that ran west from Boston and passed directly by these welcoming doors.

The inn was, we are told, a common halting place for troops during the French and Indian wars. "It was largely patronized by the up-country marketers, who, by their frequent coming and going, with their large canvas-topped wagons, made the highway past this ordinary look like the outlet of a busy mart. Stages also enlivened the scene. The sound of the post horn as it announced the near approach of the coach was the signal for the hostler and the housemaid to prepare refreshment for man and beast." In short, few country taverns were better situated than the Red Horse to gain patronage in the bustling days when Sudbury was a pivotal point of provincial traffic.

The last of the Howe landlords—Squire Lyman Howe of Longfellow's "Tales"—died at the old-time hostelry in 1860. He was a man of imposing appearance and held the respect of his community as a choir singer in the Congregational church, as a school committeeman and as a justice of the peace. He never married and with him passed that branch of the Howe family.

For a number of years the inn was run by a purchaser outside the Howe connection, and in 1923 Mr. Ford became the owner.

The simple, homelike charm of these old New England dwellings, faithfully wrought, has the enduring quality of classic architecture. With straightforward directness the Colonial craftsmen that fashioned the Howe homestead left the huge ceiling beams exposed, visibly impressing the eye with a sense of rugged strength that bears its burden easily and defies

In the dining-room, joining the kitchen to the lower hall, the table is laid as for guests of old, who, coming by stage and horseback, were welcomed at the Sign of the Red Horse

the infirmities of age. Wide boards in the floor and wainscot that rises halfway to meet the massive ceiling lend dignity to the interior and satisfy the senses with a pleasing impression of balance. With a light and delicate touch, revealing artistic perceptions in our Puritan ancestors which we have been slow to recognize, these home builders refined and lightened their work with a skilful use of delicate molding and graceful paneling.

The furnishings of the period reveal the same qualities apparent in Colonial architecture. Nothing could be plainer nor yet more hospitable than the high-backed wooden settle beside the ample chimney breast. The Windsor chairs, with their wood cobbler's seats, the slat-back Pilgrim chairs and Carver chairs, made about 1650, are devoid of luxury and yet extend their arms in unmistakable invitations to rest. Painstaking care was wrought into these hand-made specimens. Highboys and lowboys, tilt tables, butterfly tables, gate-legged tables are as stanch today as when they first stood on their own legs, with joints as solidly mortised as if grafted together in the sapling. Temporary fastenings of glue and screw were inconceivable in that long-ago epoch of furniture making when it was unmoral for one to do less than his best.

Originally the barroom, now the general meeting place of visitors to the inn. Five hundred wayfarers register daily during the touring months. (*Below*) The kitchen, where pewter and old iron catch the firelight

For a symbol of conscientious workmanship there is nothing more convincing than a Colonial eight-day clock. When the genial Holmes wrote, "Little of all we value here wakes on the morn of its hundredth year without both feeling and looking queer," he evidently overlooked grandfather clocks such as measure the hours at the Wayside Inn. Many have stood with quiet dignity in accustomed corners of American homes, gravely ticking out the lives of generation after generation, still performing their mechanical task after two centuries of service.

The figured paper, most of it made in England, was old when put on the walls of the inn twenty years or so ago but the only "original" paper, a bordered design of bluebells on a silver-gray ground, is in the Lafayette chamber.

The low-ceilinged rooms are treasuries of Queen Anne mirrors, ingenious

old-fashioned lighting appliances, pewter, silver and porcelain, fire irons, Connecticut chests from 1700, cupboards, hooked rugs, needlework pictures and samplers, worn kitchen tools that are cumbersome, crude but singularly practical.

The Wayside Inn as it stands today is not merely a museum of quaint furniture and Colonial arts and crafts but also a real and living abode of old-time cheer and hospitality. Here its owner gives old-fashioned parties to the residents of Sudbury and vicinity, whose memories as well as family traditions stretch well back toward the days of the Puritans, in whose footsteps they tread.

On such occasions the small-paned windows once more gleam "red with firelight through the leaves." Old-time fiddlers, bent and gray, fill the long wainscoted dance hall with melodies of the past and a gay throng weaves in and out to the commands of "ladies chain, grand right and left; promenade all."

Quite recently Mr. Ford purchased the old schoolhouse where little Mary Sawyer went when the now historic lamb "followed her to school one day, and made the children laugh and play." Since 1855 the building had served as a barn for the parsonage of the First Baptist church at the neighboring town of Sterling, Massachusetts, but the frame was intact.

Mr. Ford moved it to the vicinity of the Wayside Inn at Sudbury and during the past year has as far as possible restored it to its original condition. In a corner is the dunce seat, with a peg for the disciplinary cap.

The primitive schoolhouse is one of the places visited with delight by guests who, under the hospitable régime now prevailing there, are welcome to remain beneath the gambrel roof of the inn for a night or two and share the rare good cheer of its table

Lafayette and Daniel Webster drove in this carriage to the dedication of the Bunker Hill Monument. It is now preserved in the old coach house, which recently was moved to the grounds of the Wayside Inn from a neighboring estate

As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
Built in the old Colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way
With ampler hospitality.
—From "Tales of a Wayside Inn"

CHEESE, SOAP, COAL—ALL WITH A PURCHASING VALUE SOMEWHERE

ALL *these* THINGS *mean* MONEY

An Interview with Farran Zerbe

Collector of Coins and Money Specimens

THE Zerbe collection of money covers all ages and every section of the world, being particularly strong in the money of early America. The collection has 30,000 varieties, and represents forty years of patient work. It includes coins of every shape, size and description, including the largest and the smallest coins in the world.

FARRAN ZERBE

WHAT is money?

In my years of experience as a collector and exhibitor of money specimens that question has been put to me with great frequency. The best answer I ever heard was given to me by a ten-year-old boy when I asked him:

"Just what is money?"

"Money," he replied without hesitation, "is what the other chap takes for what you want."

There it is in a nutshell. Money means much more than merely bank notes or coins of silver, gold, copper or alloy.

For illustration: if you were going up on an expedition to the Arctic and wanted to trade with the Eskimos you would be foolish to take ten-dollar gold pieces and silver dimes. Pack up instead a supply of fish hooks and gumdrops—two commodities much more acceptable as legal tender than gold. In other words, to the Eskimos, those commodities are *money*.

ORIENTAL CURRENCY, INCLUDING COINS OF BAMBOO AND WIRE

It is on these more or less broad lines that I have tried to build my money collection—to make it representative of the different kinds of money that have been in use since the world began, whether they be metal or gumdrops, paper money or packages of tea.

I really didn't start out to be a professional collector. As a matter of fact my entrance into the world of coin enthusiasts was purely accidental. In my little home town of Tyrone, Pennsylvania, I did, as a boy, a lot of odd jobs to earn money—ran errands, delivered newspapers, mowed lawns, shoveled snow.

One day a small coin came into my possession. On it was stamped "50 cent." A new kind of fifty-cent piece, I decided. To me it was a "cute little half dollar." I had a small bank account and, counting the coin as fifty cents, I included it in my next deposit.

At the bank I learned

Chinese coin 1,000 years old

that it was a French fifty-centime piece and not worth ten cents in American money. For the first time there came to me the realization that all money was not like the money I knew.

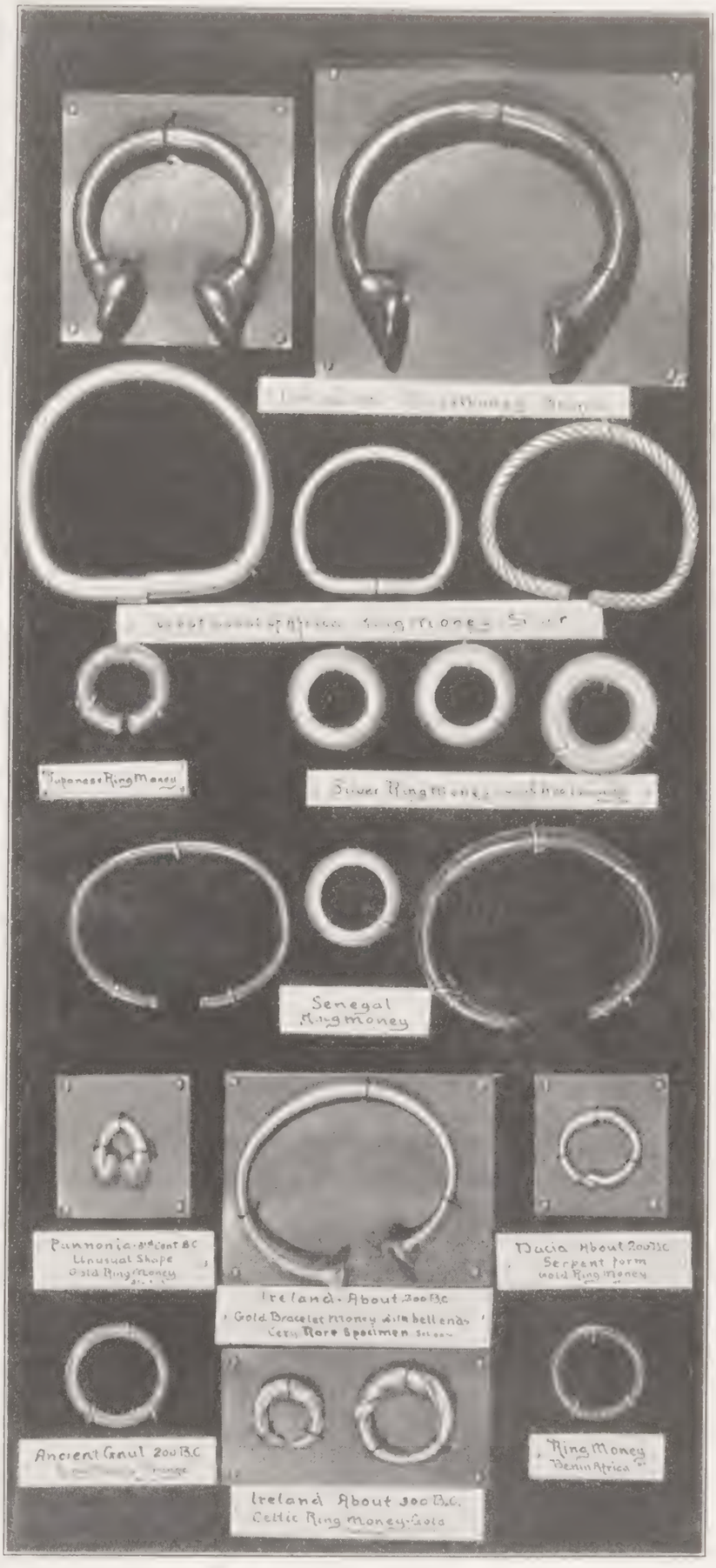
The knowledge of that piqued my curiosity, and I was possessed with a desire to know more about these strangely different pieces used by people in other parts of the world.

I found by inquiry that there was in the bookstore of the town a book on coins, and on my rounds as an errand boy I managed to get into that store frequently and spend time reading that delightful book.

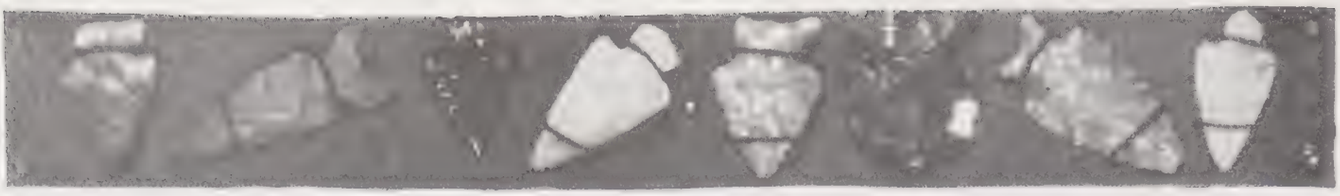
In the years that followed I began adding piece by piece to the collection that had been started by the fifty-centime piece and soon had gathered a goodly lot of miscellaneous currency.

As a young man I became a merchant, with the collecting and study of money as my diversion. So when after more than twenty years my health failed and I was forced to abandon my store I had my hobby to fall back on.

My objective has been a collection which would show examples of every kind of money that the world has ever known. I can confidently say that I have the most varied collection in


Japanese Ring Money
Senegal Ring Money
Pannonia 3rd cent B.C. Unusual Shape Gold Ring Money
Ireland. About 200 B.C. Gold Bracelet Money with bell ends Very Rare Specimen
Dacia About 200 B.C. Serpent form Gold Ring Money
Ancient Gaul 200 B.C.
Ring Money Benin Africa
Ireland About 300 B.C. Celtic Ring Money. Gold

MONEY THE WORLD AROUND
Odd Shapes and Materials



Arrow points, used as money by the first Americans

this country today. Every political and geographical division of the world is represented as well as fabrics and minerals and agricultural products. I have money made of salt, of cheese, of tea, of wood, leather, silk, velvet, tobacco—and red-headed woodpeckers' scalps.

To a country like ours that is fond of superlatives the largest and the smallest pieces of money hold prime interest. The largest piece ever coined was a Swedish ten-daler piece. It is about fourteen inches long, ten inches broad and half an inch thick, solid copper, and *weighs about forty-five pounds*.

These large ten-daler pieces are to be found only in museums in Sweden. I have in my exhibit an eight-daler piece bearing the imprint 1659. There are only four of them in this country. In those days if you had a fortune of any size whatever you had to have a horse and wagon to carry it around for you.

To encourage the development of copper mines, the Swedish Government minted coins of enormous size and weight in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries

Many people have asked why any country should indulge in this freak coinage. One explanation seems to lie in the fact that during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the Swedish Government was desirous of encouraging the development of the Swedish copper mines and took this means of doing it, with scant consideration for the physical comfort of the populace.

The smallest bit of money ever coined was struck in southern India about 1800. It contains one grain of gold and is worth about four cents United States money. Like the quarter-dollar gold pieces of California it was coin but in practice was used more as an ornament or token. It is about an eighth of an inch in diameter, and it is impossible to make out the inscription with the aid of a magnifying glass.

China, always a strange land, offers some especially odd coins. During the period around 1000 A. D. it was the custom to have the coin take the shape of the things it was supposed to buy. Thus a coin fashioned to represent the human body was used to buy clothing. A spade-shaped coin was used for agricultural implements and a strange bit of metal formed somewhat like a modern razor was for the purchase of knives and implements of defense.

Tea money is still in circulation in Mongolia, Thibet and some parts of Siberia. It is made of tea dust and scrap mixed with a binder, compressed into blocks and stamped with Russian lettering or marks showing the producer, and it circulates freely in trade as money. Some pieces are serrated like chocolate bars and can be broken at convenient intervals to make change. The double advantage of this money is that it can be used either as a commodity or as a medium of exchange—for tea or for trading.

In the same fashion rock salt has for many years been used as money in certain parts of Russia and Africa. Cheese in China likewise was compressed into cakes and circulated until someone got hungry and ate it.

The American Indians' desire for the scalp of red-headed woodpeckers for adornment gave rise to strange currency in the early days of the Oregon

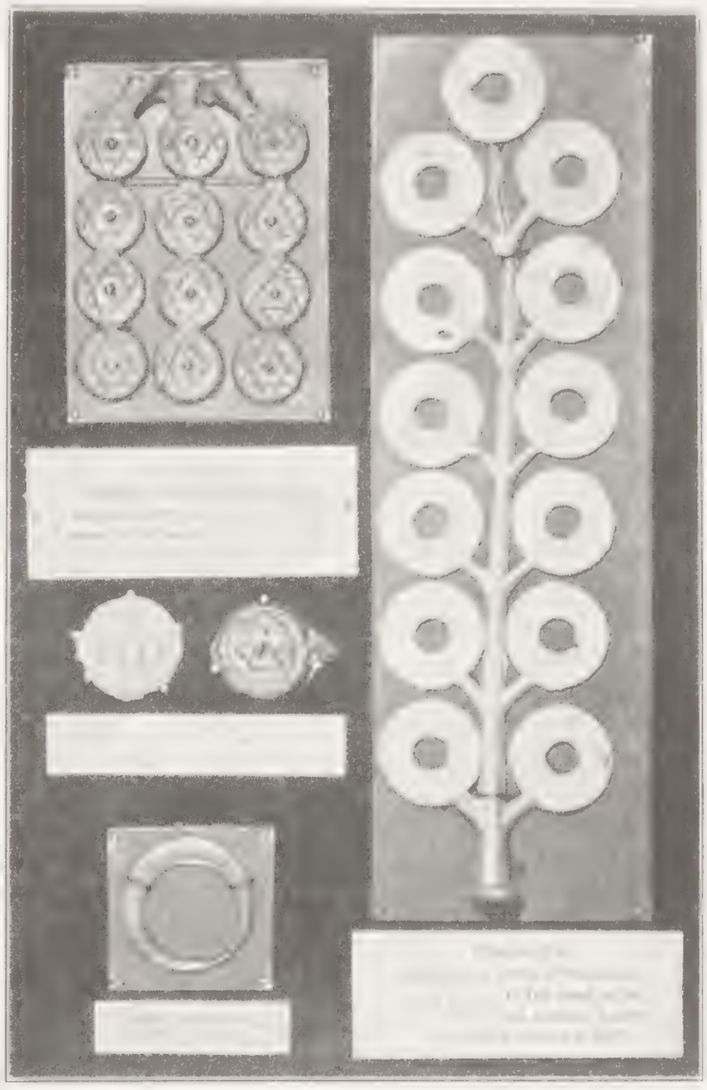
and California frontier camps. The woodpecker had an annoying habit of perching on the topmost branches of the trees, from which the Indians' crude weapons could dislodge him only with difficulty.

The white man, however, could easily pop him off with a gun. The scalps of these birds are beautifully marked with red and white and very ornamental to the primitive eye. They were much desired as pendants for wampum belts. They acquired, therefore, a standard circulating value of fifty cents, or, as it was then called, "four bits." Frequently they replaced money entirely in a transaction with an Indian.

In the early days of the Virginia Colonists tobacco was legal tender and circulated much more freely than coin. There was, in fact, little coin in the colony. The result was that tradesmen, laborers, doctors and even ministers received their pay in tobacco. Warehouse receipts for tobacco, which passed from hand to hand in the South, were from the practical point of view the first paper money in America.

Right today an Anglo-American tobacco company in Virginia is manufacturing a compound of tobacco and licorice compressed into long strips which it sells for trade with the natives of the South Seas. A certain quantity of this "stick tobacco money," as it is called, has just as much trading value as a certain weight of gold in the United States or England.

In the Belgian Congo we have an interesting survival of native money in the purchase of wives. Before the white invasion the native money was of copper formed in the shape of a crude cross. Today, when the natives are working for the white mine owners rather than for each other, they are paid in calico and salt. They still retain their original tribal money, however, when the transaction is one involving the purchase of a wife. One copper cross with an eight-inch spread and weighing about twenty-eight ounces will purchase one wife, of indeterminate weight, height and good looks.



(*Upper left and right*) Coins from Morocco and Malacca cast in a mold, afterward to be broken apart. The two small Morocco coins show the cast connections. Beneath them is a piece of Zulu ring money

It would take a small volume to enumerate the different things which have at one time or another been used for money, and to go very deeply into the interesting aspects of coinage. Unfortunately some of our most picturesque varieties are going out of existence.

The march of civilization into the tropics of Africa, into the unknown fastnesses of Asia, has imposed the ways of the white man on remote quarters of the globe. And with civilization there comes civilized money, round metal disks to supplant the curious, strange media of the natives—huge iron hairpins from the Sudan, small metal spheres from the gambling houses of Siam, tiny metal bells and boats from China, arrow points from the North American Indians and curiously wrought bracelets from ancient Gaul.

Who knows but what with the advance of aëronautical exploration the time may come when an Eskimo will turn up his nose at a gumdrop and call for good hard cash that clinks when you drop it?

"SOLD *at* CHRISTIE'S"

The Story of the Most Famous Auction-Room in the World

By GENE BERTON

A portrait of the founder of Christie's. The artist, Thomas Gainsborough, was a great admirer of the Scotch auctioneer

JAMES CHRISTIE was without a doubt mightily pleased with himself that day in London, one hundred and sixty years ago, when he hung out his sign over a newly opened auction-room. But could he have known the eminence his name and establishment were to gain among future generations his pride would have known no bounds. Passers-by who grumblingly circled the ladder on the narrow sidewalk as the young hopeful pompously wielded his hammer would have tarried a while had they too realized that a bit of history was here in the making. Almost from the start, sales conducted by Christie or his successors in the selfsame enterprise attracted world-wide attention, and, continued down to the present time, they are still the most celebrated sales of their kind.

To those familiar with the story of Christie's the name means more than just a prosperous commercial institution where famous paintings and other works of art are sold to the highest bidder. Business is now conducted in a drab auditorium; the goods go by lot number; the assemblage consists principally of quite unexciting-looking commission merchants. The auctioneer's voice drones in deadly monotone, scarcely ever rising, no matter what romance, fate or material importance attends the item formally put up for bidding.

In former times it was different. When the Georges reigned, nobles and royal ladies moved about the lamp-lighted chamber and scarcely was there an event of any note but famed masters of the brush were present. It is not difficult to visualize the brilliant scene: The founder, James Christie, elegantly attired, is on the rostrum, a superior piece of woodwork designed expressly for him by his friend the master cabinetmaker, Chippendale. He is in whimsical mood and offers on the block with flowery eloquence an exquisite piece of Greek statuary, a collection of bronzes, a painting, or perhaps a trinket from the effects of the hapless Du Barry. "Let me entreat —ladies, gentlemen—permit me to put this inestimable piece of elegance under your protection. Only observe its inexhaustible beauties. Let your generosity harmonize with the refulgent brilliancy of this gem."

With all his bombast and expansive oratory Christie had a certain refinement and gallantry of manner. He was honest and held a high social position, being on intimate terms with the king and queen. Dr. Goldsmith was often in his

Drawing made by a London artist in 1774

James Christie exhorting buyers from the mahogany rostrum designed by his friend Chippendale

audience, and Garrick the actor, Chatterton the poet, Dr. Johnson, Lord Chesterfield—a particular friend—and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Gainsborough painted his portrait, avowedly "for the purpose of attracting public attention to himself," and at the artist's request it hung for a long while in the salesroom.

From a drawing of the time by Thomas Rowlandson

JAMES CHRISTIE'S AUCTION-ROOM

On the day of an important art sale. Celebrities were frequently in the audience that gathered to listen to the oratory of the auctioneer and examine the valuable items that he so effectively extolled

At the beginning of his career Christie, who was born in Scotland and spent most of his youth at sea, confined his talents to the selling of real estate. Soon, however, he branched out and, according to records, disposed of "a collection of bird skins, some excellent meadow hay, coffins, razors and dripping pans." In 1766, a year or two after opening the shop, a consignment really worthy of his talents came into his hands—"The genuine household furniture of a noble personage (deceased)."

From that day to this Christie's—a name familiar to everyone through daily cable dispatches (the firm is now officially termed, Christie, Manson and Woods)—has dominated the auction field of Europe in the handling of rare and costly objects of all kinds and especially articles of artistic value. "Sold at Christie's" is a phrase that has come to have special significance in the world of art.

In 1767 was advertised the first sale of pictures. On this occasion, now historic in auction annals, works by "M. Angelo, Andrea del Sarto, Titian, Tintoret, N. Poussin, Rembrandt, Teniers" realized the amazing total of $1,225. The notable canvas "Man with the Red Cap," variously attributed to Titian, Giorgione and Moretti but now almost certainly identified as a work of the great Venetian, was sold about a century later at Christie's for $450. In 1914 the same painting passed again under the ivory hammer, bringing this time the great sum of $65,000.

Under the same ivory hammer, bequeathed from father to son, have been sold innumerable collections of pictures ancient and modern, water colors, drawings, Roman and Oriental bronzes, choice enamels, marquetry, ancient plate, curios, jewels, Sévres and Dresden, old English porcelains, armor, swords forged by the redoubtable Andrea Ferrara, daggers of Milan steel, apostle spoons, models of cathedrals in silver filigree, vases of jasper and malachite, Bristol teapots, saltcellars, gem-set *carnets de bal*, snuffboxes and watches aglitter with diamonds.

Christie's sales catalogues, from the earliest one still preserved to those of the present year, make a fascinating chronicle of the times. Between the lines the rise and fall of dynasties can be traced. Battles are fought, wars won, fortunes lost. Periods of panic are plainly marked and tragedy is written. A breakfast service once the property of Madame de Pompadour graces one page, a suit of armor made for Francis the First another.

A suggestive item is the teapot presented to Lord Nelson by the ladies of England after the battle of the Nile. One casual notation alone, the cap worn by King Charles I of England when beheaded—sold June, 1807—brings to mind enough vivid drama to fill crowded hours of reflection.

If all the articles sold in the old building on Pall Mall and at the present conservative establishment on King Street could be gathered together under one roof they would comprise as enthralling and costly an exhibit as could be imagined.

SPRING FAIR *of the* DAUBS

By GEORGE De ZAYAS

HIGH up in Montmartre, where the gleaming, white Byzantine cathedral of Sacré Cœur literally floats in the clouds of mist that shroud Paris, the steeply ascending rue Caulaincourt in spring becomes an out-of-door art gallery and the Fair of the Daubs flourishes.

There, with folded hands, the thin-faced artist in his threadbare jacket waits for Fame to come to the mount and bestow upon him her accolade. To the artist is not given the opportunity of pushing his wares with dynamic salesmanship. He can only expose the dreams he has materialized on canvas to the public view and wait with hungrily palpitating heart for a gleam of approval on the faces of those that pass by.

The struggling majority from the Montmartre studios follow the great Salon exhibitions with the "Foire du Daubs," in which the rue Caulaincourt sidewalks, placed at their disposal by a sympathetic municipality, becomes their salon. Canvases are pinned to clothes lines, leaned against trees or set upon easels and folding chairs literally in the gutters. Across Paris, on the left bank of the Seine where rises Montparnasse, the struggling students follow the luxurious autumn Salon with their street exhibit, the "Foire aux Croutes."

Despite their humble names, "the Fair of Daubs" and "the Fair of Crusts" in no wise indicate that the artists despise their works. Each shabby canvas is hung with loving care and with an eye to the best light that filters through the leafing boughs overhead. And standing beside their works the artists dream their dreams—and hope.

Thousands of eyes rest upon the "daubs." But hundreds of idlers pass with casual stares where one real patron of art—knowing that fine work may be found upon the sidewalks and in attics as well as in the salons—stops, adjusts his glasses and examines the pictures critically.

So the wares go. A canvas for which high hopes were entertained fetches a few francs and is carried off to grace some obscure home. Other paintings are carried wearily back to the studio. But some day, the artist hopes, a real connoisseur will step out of the jostling masses and pronounce the verdict that will mean farewell to poverty and a niche in the Louvre.

Wide World

The "Daubs" exhibition, held on the pavement of Montmartre, Paris

An English bed of agreeable design handed down from the eighteenth century

OTHER TIMES, OTHER BEDS

By ESTELLE H. RIES

THE poorest of us today have equipment in our houses that were unknown luxuries to kings and nobles of the past. This comes home to us when we trace the origin of that indispensable factor in present comfort and well-being, the modern bed.

From China—round, and made of rosewood

Primitive man slept upon the ground, "camped out," as it were, in any weather. Sometimes a hollow could be found which offered slight protection, but more often not. Curiously, the actual incentive toward creating a raised bedstead was not to secure greater restfulness but to escape unnecessary intimacy with insects that flourished in the hot climate of Egypt. Once the sleeping level was raised, the Egyptians found a better circulation of air, and continued the custom.

Not all countries even today have learned the luxury of a bed. In Japan we find the inhabitants sleeping upon a padded quilt laid directly on the spotless floor matting with a wooden headrest to put under the neck.

In the southern climes, the lands of the noon siesta, daybeds were evolved, and while we are apt to think of the daybed as a rather modern contrivance it is really one of the most ancient. Fine specimens of Assyrian and Roman days, in bronze, ivory and other costly materials, exist. The wealthy Greeks liked to recline on couches and developed beds of fiber or vegetable network to serve as a spring, which was supported by a wooden frame. A mattress stuffed with dried reeds enclosed in a cover was also adopted. The luxury of the Romans surpassed that of the Greeks. Hangings were employed decoratively. During the Renaissance in Italy the bed came in for the finest treatment. Its form was distinctly architectural, reaching to the ground like a chest, of which it was a direct development, with a base and roof supported by four columns carved in the manner of the times.

It was natural, on account of the rigors of the climate, that interest in sleeping arrangements should be more pronounced in northern countries. Surely no southern race evolved the feather bed.

Among the humble Saxon folk beds were simply sacks filled with straw and laid upon benches or chests. This use of straw continued for centuries, even on the beds of kings. The covers were usually the skins of wild beasts. It must be said, however, that these robust people had a certain contempt for a soft couch, so that

IN THE ROBERT BURNS COTTAGE AT AYR

The wall bed is commonly used in peasant cottages of Europe. The poet Burns slept in this one

often their choice of a hard one was voluntary.

In Briton houses of the better class the bed was often built into a recess, and the sleeping house or bed house was frequently either a separate structure or a little annex to the main dwelling. Sometimes they were fitted with sliding panels to keep out the wind. Beds of this type came to England with the Norman conquest but the great bed of oak, with roofed top, soon succeeded them.

The famous Great Bed of Ware, referred to in Shakespeare, was built of solid oak and carved with great elaboration. It measured eighteen by twelve feet and could accommodate twenty-four persons at once. It was by no means customary to furnish a separate bed for each individual.

These immense beds were almost like a room within a room. They were completely surrounded by curtains hanging from a canopy, or tester, which was suspended from the ceiling. Curtains not only provided privacy but also helped to eliminate what in popular opinion was the "poisonous" night air. Those who could afford it had an attendant to hold a light over the bed all night to keep out evil spirits.

One of the most imposing pieces of Elizabethan furniture was the stately and elaborate four-post bedstead on which carving and ornamental detail, painting, gilding and inlay were to be found. More than anything else does it tell of the grandeur of the stately homes of England in the days when Drake was scouring the seas in pursuit of glory and booty, when Raleigh was revealing to his friends the mysteries of the pipe and the potato, and the great Shakespeare was moving the people by the magic of his pen.

Need for a secret chamber or a safe hiding place was often found important in Tudor times and large furniture was designed to assist in this direction. There were sliding panels in the wainscoting and secret entrances through the heads of beds which were fixed in a permanent position attached to the walls. Sometimes there was a false back or double paneling, so that a secret chamber could be reached from behind the bed.

When a need for easier transportation was felt lighter construction and more movable forms were developed. Down to quite modern times well-to-do people used to travel with beds in their carriages, the uncertainty as to the cleanliness and comfort of tavern beds being in doubt.

Shakespeare's will left his second-best bed to his wife. Automatically the *best* bed always became the property of a widow.

There was another type of bed known in England which was no doubt the pride as well as the burden of the seventeenth-century housewife. This was the "mourning" bed, hung entirely in black, probably black velvet, not even the sheets in the case of a widow being permitted to be white. Furthermore, the walls of the room and all the furniture were draped in equally gloomy fashion.

Mattie Edwards Hewitt *Courtesy Mrs. Oakleigh Thorne*

TWO HEIRLOOMS FROM A SOUTHERN COLONIAL HOMESTEAD

In France in the fourteenth century beds became luxurious. Often two mattresses covered with silk were part of the equipment and fine linen sheets were used. Somewhat later kings began to hold court from beds which were large and impressive.

One of the most interesting rooms at Versailles is the bedchamber of Louis XIV, an apartment which for many years was a center of Society and Government in France. This chamber was a blaze of magnificent decoration—tapestried chairs, embroidered hangings, mirrors and portraits, bronze cupids and girandoles. The curtains of the bed were so ample that the royal occupant could safely remove his wig without those present being the wiser.

The Sun King's custom of holding audiences in bed gave rise to an elaborate ritual respecting the morning toilet. The king's *levée*, or rising, was attended by the nicest ceremony. One courtier handed him his left stocking, another his right shoe; others participated in the absorbing details of dressing. A certain honor attended each of these functions and as much thought was expended upon securing these privileges as of conducting the Government itself.

The great ladies of this era in France received their friends in the same

Mattie Edwards Hewitt *Courtesy Mrs. Oakleigh Thorne*

UNUSUAL, AND UNUSUALLY CHARMING

Twin beds with a combination canopy

By Burton Holmes, from Ewing Galloway

Where Napoleon I dreamed dreams of world empire. At Fontainebleau, near Paris, one of the sovereign's favorite residences, this gorgeous couch still is shown in the chamber he occupied. In the same room is the cradle of the King of Rome

manner, and it is accordingly easy to understand how the bed came to assume outstanding importance in the development of French arts and crafts.

With the coming of Louis XV the custom of holding court in bed diminished and heavy draperies were less frequently used. Natural woods in furniture were favored to a greater extent. The cabinetmaker gained what the upholsterer lost. Never was there such a variety of beds as now came into being. The daybed with two cushions became popular in this era of leisure. Frequently a niche was arranged in the bedroom into which the bed exactly fitted. Little by little the high-poster disappeared and the bed *à la polonaise* took its place. This had four irons rising one from each corner and meeting overhead to form a crown or to hold a dome or baldachin. Four curtains fell from this, caught back at the corners. Another type known as the duchesse had a flat ceiling as long as the bed itself, and this was hung all round with a valance. A narrow curtain hung straight on each side of the head-board. The bed *à l'ange*, or angel bed, had head- and foot-board the same height, the ceiling shorter than the bed and curtains draping the couch itself.

A bed of Queen Elizabeth's time

Few beds rival the artistic beauty and simplicity of the four-poster of Colonial days. Unlike the elaborately carved earlier specimens of England and France, these Colonial furnishings are characterized by almost Puritanical severity. Feather beds and warming pans were needed to make sleepers comfortable in rooms in which the water froze in the pitchers.

George Washington's bedstead. A four-poster, used for many years at Mount Vernon. Its fringed white cover and hangings are in significant contrast with the sumptuous draperies of the imperial bed on the opposite page

In the homes of the early Americans bedrooms were to a great extent fireless and hangings were necessary protection. It is curious to notice that these survived as a decorative asset long after the actual need for them departed with the introduction of better heating methods.

Living conditions have radically changed some of these early helps to comfort. Where once the bedroom was often large, clumsy and stuffy, the height of charming daintiness is today obtainable. There is a new note, a freshening interest, a special fascination in modern adaptations of fine bedroom furniture in which we may trace the lines of the old craftsmen and yet have the comfort that modern life demands.

The current fashion in interior decoration, and one that commends itself for permanence, calls for colorful bedrooms. Furniture is used by present-day decorators not simply for utility, but to key the color scheme of the room, either to blend or contrast harmoniously with rugs, walls, draperies and bed coverings. These effects are obtainable not only in the traditional fine furniture woods but also in paint and in newly devised bedroom suites of colored metal.

A century-old bed from a Massachusetts tavern

Bed coverings displayed today are of all sorts of interesting materials; they are made of printed linens, chintzes, brocades, silks, ruffled nets, laces, fabrics woven on cottage looms, hand-tufted muslin, old-style patchwork exquisitely joined and quilted by hand—all recalling other times, other beds.

AN ORNATE MASTERPIECE,
PRODUCT OF
VENETIAN
CABINET WORKERS

Left: A CARVED AND GILDED
FRENCH "DUCHESSE BED,"
WITH
TAPESTRY HANGINGS

In oval: AN EMPIRE
BED OF DISTIN-
GUISHED DESIGN
AND DECORATION

A TYPE OF BED EVOLVED IN THE REIGN
OF LOUIS XVI

LAFAYETTE'S ROOM *and the* POET'S ROOM

THE LAFAYETTE ROOM AT THE WAYSIDE INN

OCCUPIED by General Lafayette during a visit to the old tavern in Sudbury meadows. There is a tradition that Washington and the poet Longfellow also slept within these flower-sprigged walls

AN ANCIENT BED OF MAPLE

WITH muslin canopy and sprung top, meets the heavy cross-beam in a chamber at the Wayside Inn called the Parsons Room, or the Poet's Room, because Parsons, the "Poet" of Longfellow's "Tales," lodged here when he was the guest of Landlord Howe

© Keystone View

CATCHING UP THE THREADS OF A LACE HEIRLOOM

Miss Powys is not only a collector herself, but an expert consulted by collectors, and a skilled lacemaker

A COLLECTOR of PRICELESS LACE

EMPRESS EUGÉNIE, wife of Napoleon III, is of particular interest to Americans, as her maternal grandfather, William Kirkpatrick, was an American citizen and consul at Malaga, Spain. From her very early youth wild flowers were her delight, and in the laces that were made for her, many of which she personally designed, gay little field flowers are the main motive.

Eugénie's wedding dress was made entirely of Point d'Alençon, which was worked under her close supervision in France. The dress, veil and two flounces are today in the possession of Miss Marian Powys of New York. Miss Powys was one of the early members of the Needle and Bobbin Club, an association of fortunate owners of fine laces. An example of her work, some Honiton lace with a modern design of wild deer, was recently presented to the Brooklyn Museum.

Valuable treasures of old lace within recent years have been dispersed and many historic pieces are at present in the Powys collection. Among these are laces belonging to two empresses and four queens. Some lovely old Venetian lace which was presented to Queen Anne in the seventeenth century is carefully tucked away with flounces and handkerchiefs used at the wedding of Empress Elizabeth in the nineteenth century.

Belgian rose point lace is made in three sections. The general design is first worked out by a specialist; inconceivably small stitches are then worked in by another specialist and the whole is turned over to the finisher, who joins the work of the others and makes the fine net on which it appears when completed. French rose point lace is worked over long white hairs, either from the human head or from the mane or tail of the horse.

Of all the royal lace collectors Eugénie of France was the most instructed in the art, and, knowing this, the lacemakers of her period made every effort to please her and to surpass anything in lace that had ever been made before.

Keystone View

EMPRESS EUGÉNIE'S WEDDING VEIL OF POINT D'ALENCON

Exquisite and perfect as on the day it was first worn, on her marriage to Napoleon III of France, January 30, 1853

GOOSE QUILLS AND KITTENS—A painting of Cardinal Richelieu in his study

Every MAN *his* OWN PEN MAKER

A bundle of quills as they used to be sold, ready for cutting

IN THE leisurely days of the lace ruff and powdered wig every man was his own pen maker. Cutting quills was as much a part of his education as any of the three R's.

Schoolmasters maintained that much of the charm of the written word depended on the pen that was used and believed that it should be cut to suit the writer's individual temperament.

Young students were always on the lookout for good goose, swan, eagle, owl, hawk or turkey feathers. Goose quills made the most satisfactory all-around writing implement. Schoolmasters appropriated the swan feathers. They fitted best behind the ear.

After soaking a quill overnight it was heated and scraped to remove the skin coating. Next the nib was cut and split. Then it was reheated to give the desired elasticity and toughness. The knives used are to this day called "penknives."

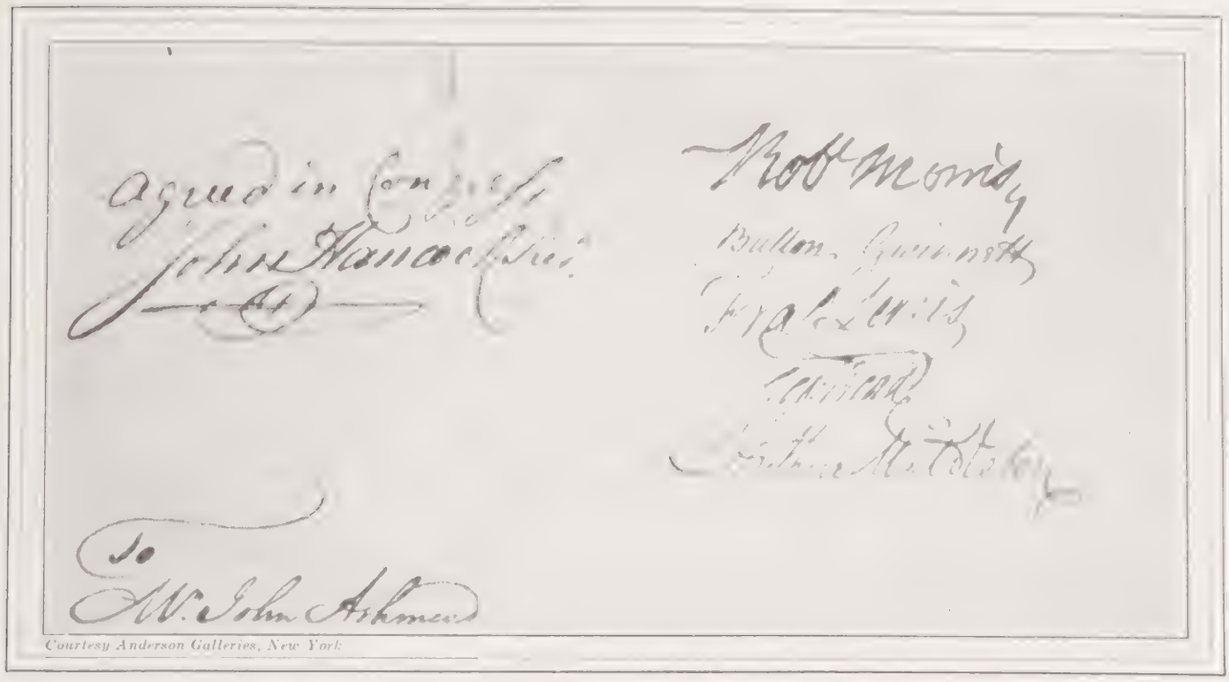
Until quite recently commercially manufactured quill pens were used in many British institutions.

The passing of the quill pen is at any rate a blessing to geese. The feather used was plucked from the living bird. For some unaccountable reason left-wing quills were considered the best.

WHY AUTOGRAPHS *are* VALUABLE

By THOMAS F. MADIGAN

Well-known Autograph Expert and Collector



Courtesy Anderson Galleries, New York

The astounding sum of $51,000 was paid at auction in 1927 for a letter (July 12, 1776) bearing a group of names, all of which were affixed also to the Declaration of Independence. The signature of the signer from Georgia, Button Gwinnett, being excessively rare, was chiefly responsible for the high price paid for this document, which, romantically enough, lay undiscovered for years among old papers in a woodshed at Mamaroneck, New York

NOT long ago a woman came to me offering to sell a signature of Abraham Lincoln. I asked her where it came from. "Oh," she said, "I cut it off a letter he wrote to my uncle." She had taken an expensive way of learning what makes an autograph valuable. An autograph nowadays is much more than a written name. The emphasis now is on letters and signed documents which are significant in themselves—which *say* something, throw a light on the writer or his times.

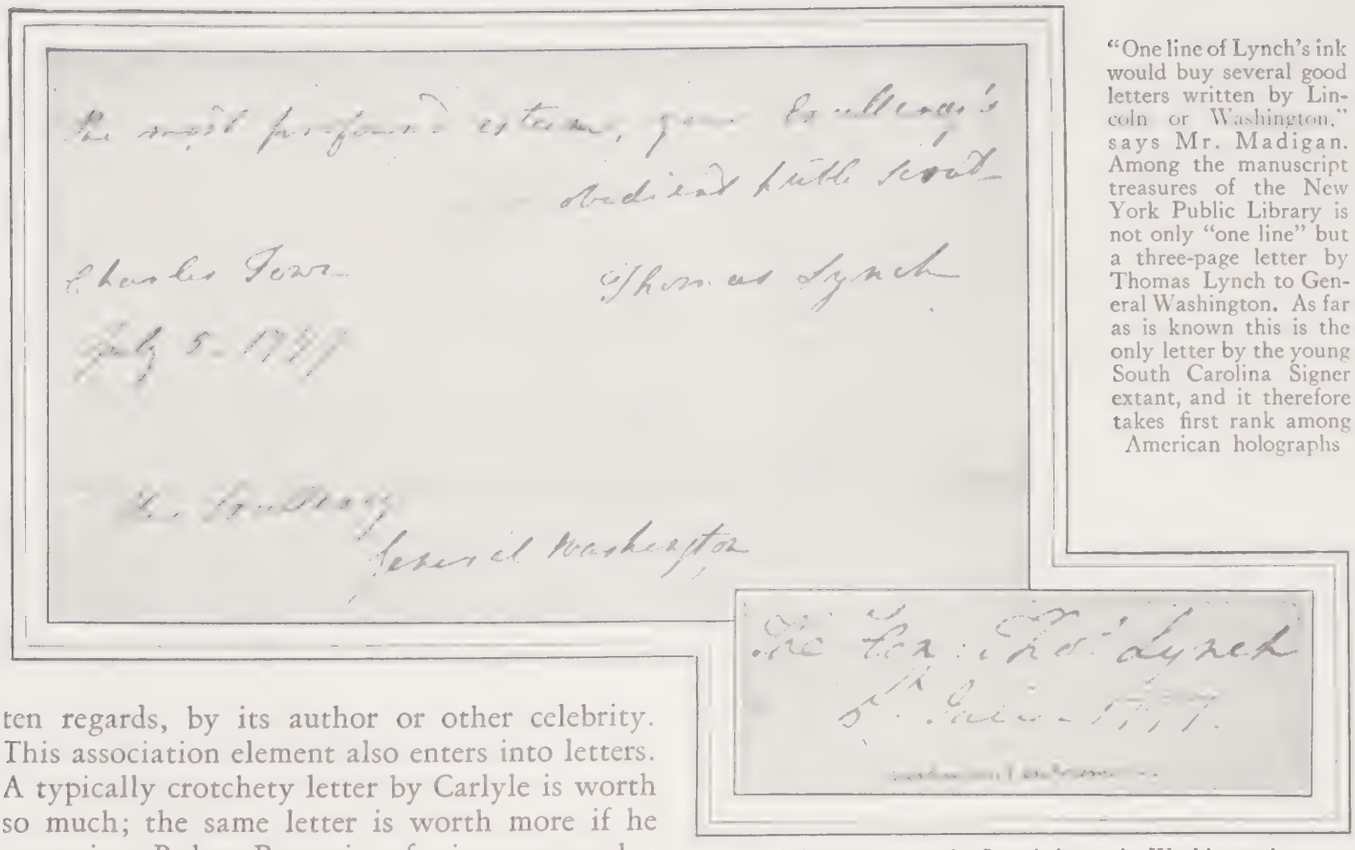
Sometimes, even, a signature is unattainable. Of Shakespeare's, exceedingly few exist and not one is in private hands or has ever been offered at public sale. The signatures of much lesser men may be excessively scarce. Recently I paid $2,000 for that of Thomas Lynch, Jr., whose sole claim to fame is the fact that he was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence from South Carolina. There are only about twenty-five full sets representing signers of the Declaration. The price of one line of Lynch's ink would buy several good letters written by Lincoln or Washington.

Many things make the value of those items offered to collectors under the notations "A. L. S.," "A. N. S.," "D. S.,"—i. e., "autograph letter signed," "autograph note signed," "document signed." A true autograph is a holograph; that is, it is entirely in the handwriting of the signer. In later times the typewriter and the stenographer have made holographs relatively scarce. Pencil, by the way, is more durable than ink; modern commercial inks fade and in the old days when men brewed their own writing fluid some were parsimonious and skimped.

Aside from supply and demand the factors determining value include chiefly the prominence of the writer, what he has to say in the item in question, the circumstances under which it was written—if at a crisis in the writer's life it is worth more—and the state of preservation.

The minor elements of value are many. There is interest of a peculiar sort in a holograph will, such as that of President Monroe which I recently secured. The importance of time is illustrated by another purchase, a document signed by Montcalm, whose signature, like that of his opponent General Wolfe, is extremely rare. This document was written only a short time before the battle of Quebec, in which both generals were killed; that event casts its shadow and its glory on the collector's item.

Books make autographs too, especially if some famous owner has made notes in the margins. The book is then as intimate as a letter. It has more value if it has been presented, with writ-



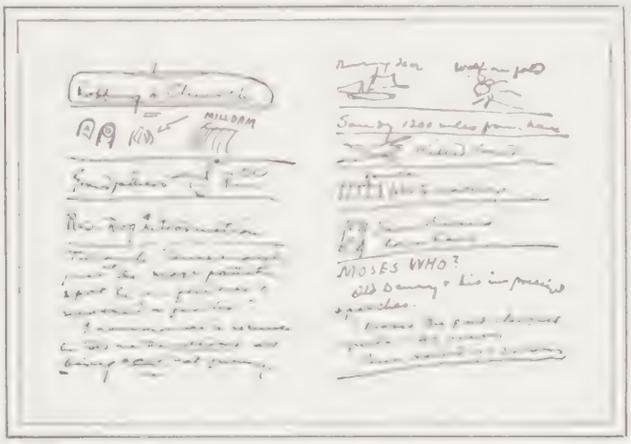
"One line of Lynch's ink would buy several good letters written by Lincoln or Washington," says Mr. Madigan. Among the manuscript treasures of the New York Public Library is not only "one line" but a three-page letter by Thomas Lynch to General Washington. As far as is known this is the only letter by the young South Carolina Signer extant, and it therefore takes first rank among American holographs

Endorsement on the Lynch letter in Washington's handwriting. Washington identified in this manner correspondence kept in his letter files

ten regards, by its author or other celebrity. This association element also enters into letters. A typically crotchety letter by Carlyle is worth so much; the same letter is worth more if he wrote it to Robert Browning; for instance, such a letter as he wrote Browning in 1844 asking help in getting rid of a bore. Browning himself illustrates another element; in one letter he expresses polite admiration for Oliver Wendell Holmes but tells why he doesn't want to meet the New England poet. Its relation to American literature gives this letter a special interest to collectors.

Again, mere formality may make a difference in value. If Lord Byron scratched off a line ordering a medical prescription refilled (as he did) and wrote it in the third person, as a lord would in addressing a chemist, the note is worth less today than one no longer, of no more importance but written in the first person.

Antiquity does not count. Contemporaries may be more esteemed than the most ancient. Autographs date back to the fourteenth century. Beyond that they are speculative; few men except clerks knew how to write. Secretaries did the signing and kings made impressions with their signets, the origin of the modern seal. Collecting began in the sixteenth century when persons of quality began to carry albums. Now and then one turns up, usually intact but sometimes separated; recently I secured from Sweden a page of one signed by Mary Queen of Scots and her young husband, Francis II. Those old albums were full of proper sentiments, like the albums of our mothers and grandmothers. The latter are of little value; the demand is for more than signatures or polite sentiments which mean nothing.



From Mark Twain's lecture notes. A page showing memoranda, with illustrations, jotted down to guide him in delivering one of his humorous lectures

Comparative oldness adds nothing either. Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, among the Presidents, are more plentiful than McKinley, Roosevelt or Wilson. Assuming equal interest, written specimens of the latter three will bring more than the former. That is partly the result of the typewriter. Andrew Johnson and Zachary Taylor fetch good prices, not because of their dates but because they are scarce. Johnson did not learn to write till he was fairly well along in life. McKinley, in full pen-written letters, is probably as scarce as either of them and Harding is even

rarer; a full holograph of Harding's is harder to find than one by any other President.

White House stationery adds value to Presidential items. Collectors prefer specimens dating from tenure of the highest office. A set of Presidents' autographs all written while in the White House is hard to complete. One reason is that William Henry Harrison died a month after his inauguration and only a dozen or so executive holographs of his are known.

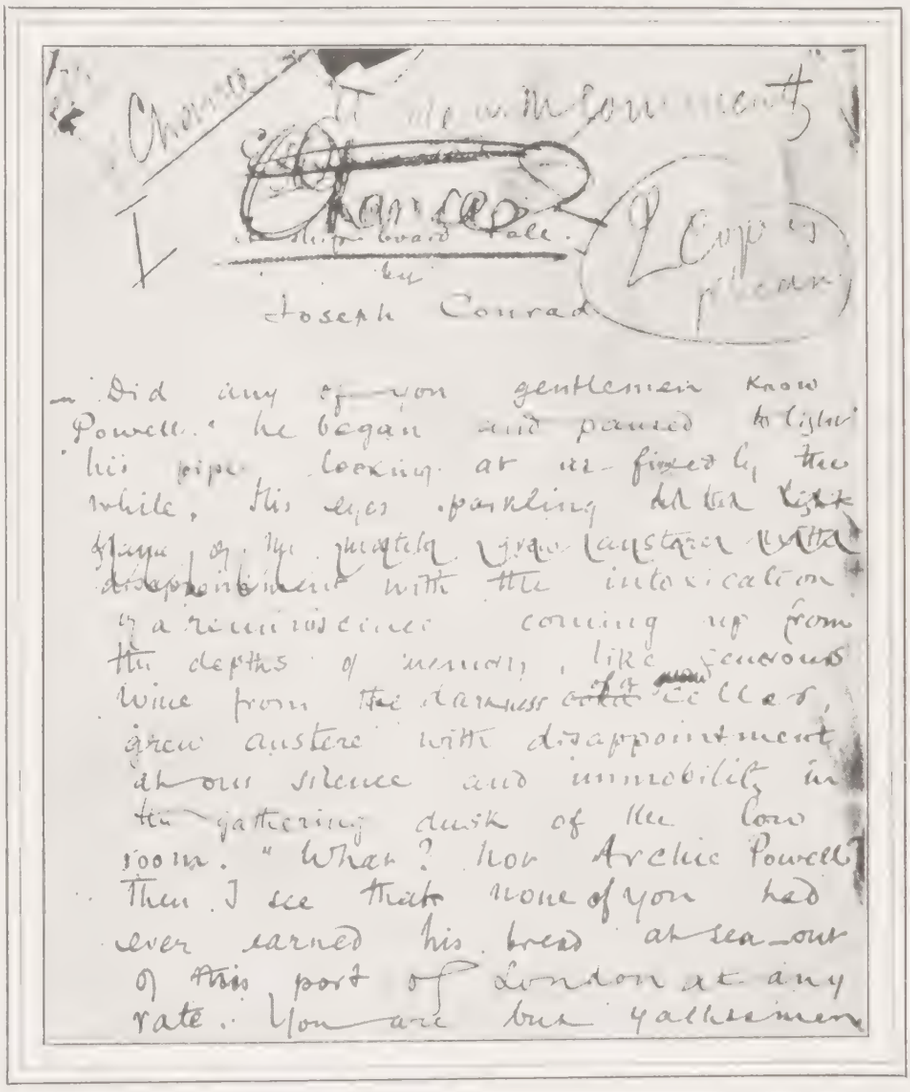
Some collectors gather autographs of the wives of Presidents; here too many are scarce and James Buchanan was a bachelor. In his case the set of wives must be filled out with his niece, Harriet Lane, who was his Lady of the White House. A good Martha Washington is worth anywhere from $150 upward.

High as are the prices often paid, the genuineness of autographs can be guaranteed. A forgery could not pass the scrutiny of the several experts who must pass on an offering: contents, handwriting, style, paper, ink, each is telltale.

It is true there was once a man in France who sold autographs of Judas Iscariot and Adam and Eve but the relatives of his single customer put him in jail. A clever forgery may gain a value of its own. Robert Spring, who died in poverty in 1876, is noted in dictionaries of biography. Eighty years ago, a clerk in Washington, he found autographs of George Washington, sold them, and when the supply ran out made more himself. He even made them wholesale, several copies at a time. They were fairly good and he could get old paper, but an expert can easily identify them. Today Spring's forgeries are valued for themselves; a good short example, purporting to be by Washington or Franklin, may be worth $10 as a curiosity. It is not unlike what has happened to Charles Guiteau, who shot President Garfield. A good letter of Guiteau's, written in jail, may bring almost as much as one by his victim.

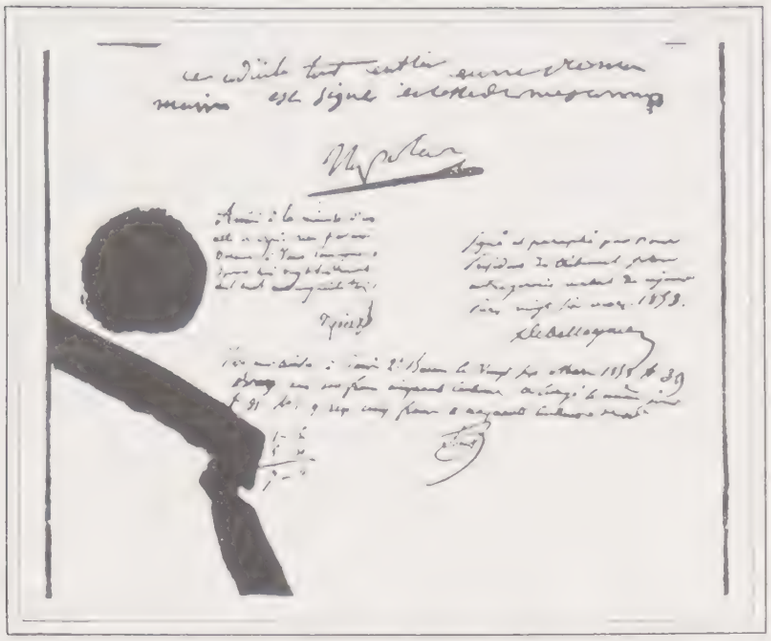
A list of the most-sought autographs would include Lincoln, Washington, Napoleon, Dickens, Thackeray, Robert Louis Stevenson, Franklin, Hamilton, Poe, Keats, Shelley, Dr. Johnson and Sir Walter Scott. The whole world of achievement, however, forms the collector's realm and there are many special fields, such as music. There is growing interest in men of science, especially Pasteur; Osler; Jenner, who introduced vaccination; Spencer and Darwin and Huxley. The appeal of such a man as Dickens is far wider than any of these; Dickens has his vast reading public, admirers all and all potentially eager for the bond that is established by a holograph.

There is, perhaps, less sentimental interest in Napoleon than formerly but no other ruler equals him in autograph interest. Notes and documents, though plentiful, bring $50 to $150 but an A. L. S. of his is worth $2,500. Napoleon's signature is always a study; it varied from small, punctilious writing to bold splashes. Handwriting experts say they can tell from it the state of his star at a given moment. Personally I do not believe penmanship shows a man's character. Frederick the Great's is small, almost effeminate.


Joseph Conrad

Did any of you gentlemen know Powell.' he began and paused to light his pipe, looking at us fixed by the match, his eyes sparkling for a moment with the intoxication of a reminiscence coming up from the depths of memory, like generous wine from the dark recesses of the cellar, grew austere with disappointment at our silence and immobility in the gathering dusk of the low room. "What? Not Archie Powell? Then I see that none of you had ever earned his bread at sea—our

A recent sale of 230 Joseph Conrad items, including book manuscripts, brought over $110,000 in New York. Here is a page from "Chance, a shipboard tale"



Napoleon's signature on a codicil of his will, dated at Longwood, St. Helena, April 16, 1821

Poe's is orderly, with no trace of eccentricity. On the other hand, Richelieu's is large and audacious and Washington's firm and methodical. Documents relating to Washington's plantation are sometimes found with columns of figures carefully verified by him and noted, say, "Under-added 3 pence: G. W." He had time for that; there was no golf course on his estate.

Each writing has its peculiarity and the differences are one of the charms of autograph collecting. Tolstoy's is rather big, with squarish letters, no matter what language he uses; one could not mistake it for an American hand or a French. Bernard Shaw's hand is minute and exact. Shaw, like Woodrow Wilson, does his literary work in shorthand. A manuscript in shorthand would form a doubtful autograph unless it had signature and notation to identify it.

The value of authors' manuscripts varies widely. Again the typewriter is making a scarcity. The first holograph draft of a book is what is wanted; it may contain matter not found in the final form. In 1925 a sale of 230 Joseph Conrad items, including book manuscripts, brought over $110,000 in New York. Burns, to name one, is always in demand. Emerson continues to grow. But some authors are so prolific, like H. G. Wells, the supply is almost inexhaustible. Rudyard Kipling, it is said, insisted from early in his career that his manuscripts be returned to him; he knew their future value.

Proofs corrected by the author are less valuable than manuscripts, although authors have been known to do most of their creation by revising successive proofs. That was Balzac's practice. Most of his MSS. are in one museum; that of "Eugénie Grandet" is the only one in private hands.

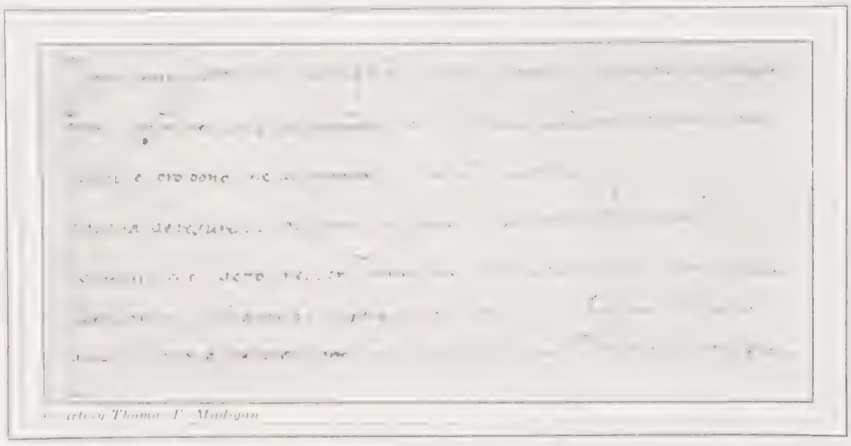
The steady advance of average prices through year after year has brought autographs from their hiding places in odd corners—from original holders, their descendants, the estates of collectors, old files.

The items are snapped up by collectors with specialties, or pass to the auction-room, often to bring prices that surprise the most familiar; or they make a strange company in the dealers' catalogues, which more than one judge of books has declared to make the most absorbing reading in the world. Here a witty line finds itself beside a document which alters history. A jest by Voltaire precedes a letter in which Queen Victoria, addressing the Duke of Connaught as "Dearest Arthur," signs herself thus:

"Ever
your
devoted
Mammy,
V R I"

"The Night Before Christmas," copied out by its author, Clement C. Moore, is followed by a document signed by Cauchon, the bishop who prosecuted Joan of Arc; Sarah Bernhardt competes with Catherine de' Medici.

The autograph today is not a fad but a reality. The host of collectors is increasing steadily and the supply is growing relatively smaller, what with the harvesting of individuals and institutions and the curtailment of supply by typewriter, telephone and telegraph.



Contract in the "fine Italian hand" of the great Raphael, specifying the terms under which he agrees to paint a picture. The artist's name appears at the end of the last line

SHE MAKES GEMS *of* OLD SANDWICH GLASS

Mrs. Hazel Blake French has brought back the fame of ancient glass made on Cape Cod by using it in jewelry

By RICHARD DEAN

A head for a walking stick. White Sandwich glass set in handwrought silver

IN THE early 1800's Sandwich, Massachusetts, was famous for beautiful glassware; indeed, the factories there were among the first established in America. Glass of beautiful colors, rivaling the ruby and sapphire, was produced in the quaint New England town. The industry prospered for years until interrupted by labor troubles. Eventually, in 1888, the plant was closed.

Many of the old buildings were torn down and that part of the town was almost deserted when a schoolgirl wandered through the ruins and became interested in the pieces of glass she saw here and there. The schoolgirl's name was Hazel Blake. She loved all that was beautiful; to her the clear bits of glass seemed like so many gorgeous jewels. During the following years, when Hazel Blake was finishing her education, she studied designing at the Boston Art Museum. She found that her love for the beautiful was combined with real art ability. One of the courses in the museum school was in the making of jewelry. Then the great inspiration came to her. She would bring back the fame of the old Sandwich glass by *using it in jewelry*. She read everything that she could find about antique jewelry and designs. Her instructors at the art school became interested and she eventually made her dream come true in most practical fashion.

Success did not come in a moment. In fact it was some years after her marriage that Mrs. French saw the way clear to start in business. She is now head of a little organization of craftsmen that is engaged in fashioning jewelry of exclusive designs whose beauty has instant appeal and for which there is ready demand throughout the land. Mrs. French employs an expert lapidary to cut and polish the pieces of glass but does her own designing for the settings of silver, gold and platinum.

Among the ruins of the old factories she has found treasures of topaz glass, jade green, cornflower blue, hydrangea blue, purple amethyst, peacock blue and royal sapphire. In some cases the designs have the local coloring of Cape Cod, for she has created the "bayberry" design, the "fish and waves" and "fish and seaweed" designs.

She is here shown making the beautiful glass-jeweled silver head of a walking cane, for Mrs. Deming Jarvis of Paris, whose family were the founders of the original Sandwich Glass Works.

Hazel Blake French is happy in the work that she loves. Her jewelry has attracted the attention of artists throughout the world.

Miss Cook, "book doctor," restoring a fine binding

MAKING OLD BOOKS NEW

By JANET COOK LEWIS

IT WAS through Mrs. Richard Morris Hunt, wife of the famous architect, that I first became interested in the work of rejuvenating old books. When Mr. Hunt died he left a fine architectural library of about five thousand volumes. Many of them were very valuable, dating as far back as the sixteen hundreds. It was while helping Mrs. Hunt catalog the library that I was struck with the deplorable condition of a number of the bindings, which had become badly cracked and rotted.

At the suggestion of a bookbinder, I applied vaseline but found that it did little good. Later on when I began to take up the study of leather seriously, I learned that vaseline is a mineral oil and that leather demands animal or vegetable oil.

Finally, through the interest of a noted chemist I obtained an oil which had been extracted from a deposit in the West known to the United States geologists as an animal, fish and vegetable compound, created many thousands of years ago, I presume, by the recession of waters. When subjected to a proper degree of heat this deposit yielded an oil strongly impregnated with ingredients recognized by the chemists employed to analyze and test it as valuable to leather because of its ready absorption as well as its strengthening effects. This was just what I had been looking for. I gave it a thorough test in the Hunt library, which today, after many years, is in an excellent state of preservation. Subsequently I had great success in restoring many lovely rare old volumes to their pristine beauty. My method was to massage a little of the oil with a soft cloth into the leather. The dry, thirsty pores readily absorbed it, and its effect on the color was to remove the soil and tarnish and regenerate the leather to an appearance almost new.

Many interesting volumes have passed through my hands. In the J. Pierpont Morgan library, for instance, I "treated" the famous geography of Mary Queen of Scots, bound in 1488 in pigskin, heavily tooled in gold—one of the most beautiful examples of bookbinding in this country.

In the Marsden J. Perry collection at Providence, Rhode Island, I found an original folio edition of Shakespeare (1623), valued at $50,000, in a sad condition. The hinges were cracked, the leather hard and stiff as a board, and the whole book threatening to fall to pieces whenever it was moved. For days I worked with that book as a doctor works on a critical case. I

mended the cracked binding and each day I massaged a little bit of oil ever so gently into its hard leather. When I finished with it, it was soft and pliable and ready for a few centuries' additional wear.

Among other interesting libraries in which I have worked are the Metropolitan Museum, the Boston Atheneum, the Grolier Club, the General Theological Seminary, the library of the late Daniel Fearing of Newport, Rhode Island, composed entirely of works on fish, the Chicago Historical Society and the libraries of the late J. T. Fields, the late George W. Vanderbilt and the late Theodore N. Vail.

For many years the black oil made from prehistoric fish deposits was the only oil with which I had any success. It was very expensive and difficult to obtain. Frequently I found even my own supply limited. It was impossible for the general public to get it.

Chemists, however, have at last succeeded in producing an oil which is ideal for the treatment of books, combining as it does all of the excellent qualities of the fish oil with the added merit of being available to anyone who has need of it. It is a pure, milky-white emulsion, almost odorless.

Those who have fine leather volumes in their library and want to keep them in good condition should bear in mind a few primary rules of book health.

Remember that leather bindings, being of skin, are like human beings and must breathe. They must have air and plenty of it. For this reason it is best to keep them on open shelves rather than behind glass cases. Even the pages dry out and become brittle from the heat of rooms. The books will require more dusting but they will last much longer.

It is important to remember that books should have moist air, else the natural oil of the leather will become so dry that the bindings will crack and break. Our modern steam heating systems are hard on books as well as humans, for they dry out the air. For this reason it is advisable to place at intervals about the library open vessels of water. Several vases of flowers will do as well.

It is an excellent idea to raise wide the windows of the library at least once a week and allow the room to become thoroughly aired. But do not make the mistake of allowing the sun to strike your precious bindings, for the rays will burn up the leather and change the color.

The best place for choice leather bindings is on the lower shelves, for there the temperature is lower and the air more likely to be moist.

With such care fine books should last for generations. Unfortunately the longevity of our modern leather books is difficult to predict, owing to the new quick method of tanning with acid.

Books that were bound prior to 1860, the year that marked the passing of the slow, oil-tanning method, have a much better chance to live through the centuries than our more modern products, which are conceded to have a life of scarcely more than ten years before serious disintegration sets in. But, granting that, careful periodic oiling and daily regard for a few simple rules will do much toward preserving for your children and children's children the beloved volumes on your library shelves.

The gold-tooled pigskin binding of Mary Queen of Scots' geography (1488) was treated by Miss Cook, to save it from drying and cracking

From the Morgan Library

Wide World

Books and paintings of wondrous value are housed within the walls of this stately edifice at San Marino, California, near Pasadena. Mr. Huntington willed the building and his magnificent collection, in trust, to the city of Los Angeles

A COLOSSUS among COLLECTORS

Mr. Huntington's purchases include a copy of the Gutenberg Bible, the famous "Blue Boy," "The Tragic Muse," and other priceless contributions to the arts

MR. HENRY EDWARD HUNTINGTON was a nephew of Collis P. Huntington, one of the country's big railroad men and a pioneer in transcontinental railroad traffic.

Henry Huntington was born in 1850 in Oneonta, New York, and after years of schooling went into business at the age of twenty. About ten years later he became connected with his uncle in railroad development. His fortune was largely built up on traffic projects in California.

In middle life he turned his attention to books and art. He maintained a country place in Pasadena, California, and there constructed a magnificent library to house his priceless collection of books. His activities as a collector were conducted on so large a scale that it is almost impossible to set an accurate value on the rarities that he acquired. He bought whole libraries for the sake of a few books, disposing of the rest at public auction.

HENRY EDWARD HUNTINGTON
1850-1927

During his later years Mr. Huntington was as notable in the purchase of famous paintings as in collecting rare volumes.

In 1920 Mr. Huntington announced that after his death his collection would become a public property under the terms of a trust to the city of Los Angeles, a foundation for which the California legislature, by concurrent resolution, commended and thanked him.

In the vast values represented and the fine public spirit shown in the endowment, the Huntington gift is unique in the annals of philanthropy in this country.

GEMS *of the* HUNTINGTON COLLECTION

Ten Notable Paintings in the Great Museum Founded by Henry E. Huntington at San Marino, California

The illustrations supplied by courtesy of Sir Joseph Duveen are from photographs made from the original paintings

THE HONORABLE MRS. HENRY FANE, By Thomas Gainsborough

ANNE, stately daughter of Edward Batson, Esq., of Avon Tyrrell, Hampshire, sat to the distinguished painter after her marriage in 1778. Her husband, second son of the eighth Earl of Westmoreland, bore the title "Keeper of the king's private roads, gates and bridges, and conductor or guide of the king's person in all royal progresses." Mrs. Fane was the mother of six sons. Gainsborough painted her in chiffon and lace, with curled hair lightly powdered and falling to the shoulders. The portrait had remained in the family of the Earl of Westmoreland for several generations before passing to two English collections and thence to Mr. Huntington, possessor, altogether, of nine canvases by Gainsborough

LADY CAROLINE AND LADY ELIZABETH SPENCER
By George Romney

NO PAINTER of his period had greater facility in conveying with his brush the charm of well-bred womanhood than Romney, in whose work the Huntington collection is especially rich. Under the fanciful title "Beauty and the Arts" this portrait of the two talented daughters of the fourth Duke of Marlborough was engraved by an English artist and received popular appreciation. Romney worked on the picture at various times during an interval of six years, from 1786 to 1792. Lady Caroline, posed sketching a Greek statuette, wears a red dress with a blue sash. Her sister, Lady Elizabeth, in a white dress, plays a harp.

PORTRAIT OF EMMA, LADY HAMILTON
By George Romney

AN UNFAMILIAR portrait of the amazing beauty who captivated all that saw her, and, in especial, Lord Nelson. Besieged at home and abroad for sittings, it was Romney who, during the most prolific years of his career, made innumerable pictures of his "divine lady" from life and in fanciful pose. Long after she went away to Italy and married the English ambassador, Sir William Hamilton, Romney made studies of her. In the Huntington collection are two portraits of "Emma" by the artist who recreated for posterity her violet eyes, her auburn tresses, her radiant expression, her long-limbed rhythmic body

"PINKIE"—Sarah Moulton-Barrett, By Sir Thomas Lawrence

A PORTRAIT executed when the little girl was eleven and the artist but twenty-six. Youth, joy, vivacity—feet poised as for a dance step, filmy dress caught in a breeze, satin ribbons of rose fluttering against the blue and white of a spring sky—here is as breathing, lovely a picture as ever Lawrence created. The canvas was shown at the Royal Academy in 1795, and about that time Sarah Moulton-Barrett passed from the world her bright eyes too briefly had looked upon. This portrait, the last purchased by Mr. Huntington, was acquired in 1927 from Sir Joseph Duveen, who bought it at auction in London for the sum of $375,000

THE HONORABLE
THERESA PARKER,
By Sir Joshua Reynolds

A PAINTING that bespeaks the hand of a master of child portraiture, the incomparable Reynolds. The Honorable Theresa, an earl's daughter but none the less for that a mischievous playfellow and whimsical dreamer, sat for her picture in mob cap and a dotted muslin dress with frill and silken sash. Her dark hair, worn in a bang on her forehead, is curled at neck and cheek. Theresa married the Honorable George Villiers in 1798 and lived until the year 1856. This portrait is one of ten by Reynolds in the museum at San Marino

MASTER
WILLIAM BLAIR,
By Sir Henry Raeburn

GRANDSON of a poet, son of a noted jurist and later in life a distinguished follower of the bar himself, this fair-haired Scotch lad in russet-brown doublet and turned-down linen collar sat for the great Raeburn about 1814, when he was eleven years of age. Raeburn was particularly facile in portraying members of his own sex, young and old. With women, except when they were elderly, he was rarely at his best. He did a number of boy portraits, among them the one of his step-grandson, popularly titled "Boy and Rabbit," but none is more ingenuously young and engaging than "Master William Blair"

LADY BEAUCHAMP, By John Hoppner

A PORTRAIT delicately fair, with costume and accessories comprising a wide hat with blue ribbons set on powdered hair, a dress of blue and white, a shawl of black satin and lace, and a bouquet of jasmine, painted against a background of dark trees. Hoppner, possessed of a pretty wife himself, knew well how to impart the enchantment of feminine graces. Phœbe Hoppner, frequently her husband's model, was a daughter of the American sculptor Patience Lovell Wright of Bordentown, New Jersey, who, when widowed, took her children with her and went to live in London.

The painter was in his early thirties when he received a commission to make this portrait of Isabella, wife of Viscount Beauchamp, later Marquis of Hertford

"THE BLUE BOY"—Master Jonathan Buttall, By Thomas Gainsborough

IN 1922 the cherished "Blue Boy," beloved by all England since the day it was shown at the Royal Academy in 1770, was brought across the Atlantic from Grosvenor House, London, to find a new, permanent place of exhibition in the Huntington picture gallery, near Pasadena, California. With it came the magnificent "Tragic Muse," by Reynolds. The American collector's acquisition of these two widely celebrated paintings was the sensation of two continents.

Jonathan Buttall, the youth in Van Dyck costume of vivid blue satin, was the son of a well-to-do ironmonger. A few years before the death of Jonathan in 1805 his portrait was sold and for a time belonged to John Hoppner, the artist. The picture had for over a century been in the Grosvenor collection before passing from the possession of the second Duke of Westminster to Mr. Huntington

CHARLES FREDERICK ABEL, By Thomas Gainsborough

AMONG the many friends that often met in Gainsborough's London studio were several gifted German composers and instrumentalists. One of these intimates was Johann Christian Bach, son of Sebastian Bach; another was the celebrated Charles Frederick Abel, chamber musician to the queen. Gainsborough, always ambitious to try his hand at various avocations, wanted to learn to play the oboe, piano and violin as his companions did, but had no talent at all for music, though his love for it amounted to a passion. The painting of his friend here reproduced shows the composer with a viola-da-gamba at his knee and quill poised upon a sheet of music. A white dog, painted with Gainsborough's characteristic skill, lies under the table

MRS. SIDDONS AS "THE TRAGIC MUSE," By Sir Joshua Reynolds

"ASCEND your undisputed throne and graciously bestow upon me some idea of the Tragic Muse," the artist is declared to have besought his subject when she appeared at his studio to pose for this sublime portrait. Sarah Kemble Siddons (daughter of a strolling player and the wife of one), in an epoch of renowned emotional actresses became the greatest of all. She sat to other English artists—to Gainsborough, many times to Lawrence—but the noble Reynolds portrait brought both painter and actress immeasurable prestige. Sir Joshua was unable to sell the picture, beautiful as it was, until several years had passed, but finally disposed of it for eight hundred guineas, or about $4,000

An Italian bridal chest of the fifteenth century, painted on the front panel to represent the Triumph of Love, Chastity and Death

BRIDAL CHESTS

ALL the world loves a lover—no one more than the Italians, and thus the Italian bridal chests were the subject of the tenderest care of the nation's greatest artists and craftsmen. Their wedding chests were decorated to match the magnificence of old palaces, painted to represent romantic scenes, emblazoned with arms. They became a substantial record of the alliance of two families.

The chests were generally made of chestnut or walnut. Venetian and Florentine artists employed a method of laying gold leaf over a red foundation, which gave a warm glowing tint.

The bridal chest as a work of art has been ascribed to Italy more than to any other country. Examples of the early Renaissance type are of the greatest beauty and splendor. The six famous poems of Petrarch, being a favorite theme, inspired some superb specimens, upon which are painted the Triumph of Love, of Chastity, Death, Fame, Time and Eternity.

Like the wooden cradles of past generations, gorgeously adorned bridal chests are now treasured as relics of the fortunate times when craftsmen could lovingly spend years over the accomplishment of one single work of art. In these days of relentless haste these superb chests are the more highly cherished.

Esther Hobsonne's chest. An English oak coffer carved in 1637, with conventional floral design

THEY BELONGED TO MARIE ANTOINETTE

In the Stuart Gallery, New York Public Library

A HARP richly decorated, whose strings once knew the touch of Marie Antoinette's slender fingers; a fan with carved sticks and a handkerchief of lace; an enameled box and bonbonnière; a crystal bowl and water pitcher used at the royal toilette—this grouping of *objets de luxe* is reminiscent of the taste and rank of the fair Austrian, whose life in the end was forfeit to her passion for beauty and ease. On the wall, ornately framed in gilt bronze with Wedgwood medallions, is a combination thermometer-barometer that registered warmth and cold in the queen's boudoir and foretold for her sunny days, and days dark with threatening clouds

In the Brooklyn Museum of Art

One of the slippers worn by the queen of France when taken prisoner at the Tuileries, Paris

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S SLIPPER

MARIE ANTOINETTE, queen of France, was wearing this dainty high-heeled, silk-fringed slipper of white satin brocade on that day of turmoil and horror, in August, 1792, when she was taken from her apartments in the palace adjoining the Tuileries Gardens and borne away to prison.

A story is told of the beautiful, unfortunate queen that, as she ascended the ladder leading to the platform on which stood the ghastly guillotine, she, at the top of the steps, accidentally trod on the foot of Sanson, the executioner, who felt the pressure sufficiently to utter a sharp cry as if in pain. Marie Antoinette, so goes the story, turned to him and said: "Pardon me, sir; I did not do it intentionally." Having made this apology she lifted her eyes to heaven and went down on her knees to murmur a final prayer. Then, with a quick movement of the head, she threw off her cap and prepared herself for the fatal stroke.

That a foot delicate enough to wear so slim a slipper could exert sufficient pressure to give pain to a rough executioner seems doubtful. More likely the executioner's exclamation was merely an emotional outburst at beholding a queen so fair and so haughty brought to such a tragic end.

The historic slippers, which recall the whims and vanities of the court of Louis XVI, are now the property of the Brooklyn Museum of Art. They were purchased last summer in England by Mr. Stewart Culin, who for more than a quarter of a century has been curator of the Department of Ethnology at that richly dowered museum.

"In the city of London," said Mr. Culin, "there is a curious establishment known as The Royal Needlework Society. This society extends its services exclusively to ladies and gentlemen of aristocratic families who, in reduced financial circumstances, seek its aid. An old lady of high French lineage, long a charge of the institution, died and bequeathed to it this pair of slippers as an expression of gratitude. They were the very last things she parted with in life. Since the days of the French Revolution they have been the proud possession of her family. The institution, needing money to carry on its work, placed the slippers on sale. I purchased them, having, after close investigation, been convinced of their authenticity." *Helen Herbert Foster.*

An ART *no* MACHINE *can* IMITATE

Damascene Steel in Toledo

By CHARLES D'EMERY

IN FACT and fable throughout the ages many have been the stories of famous swords, blades that were unconquerable, blades that could only be swung by the hand of the righteous, blades of mystic power as well as might. "Nothung," the invincible sword of Siegfried, and King Arthur's magic brand, "Excalibur." Many of the stories are of course much enhanced by repetition and by romantic and poetic license but the underlying facts were true; swords of remarkable qualities were made in those ancient days.

With all our knowledge and science we have never been able to improve either the quality or the texture of the true damascene blade. We have not even been able to equal it.

The two swords in the photograph shown on page 53 can be bent so that the point touches the hilt, and yet they are firm enough so that they are able to pierce a steel plate one eighth of an inch in thickness. They were made in Toledo, the most ancient city of Spain. Spanish legend ascribes its founding to the grandson of Noah. The city has been a fortress for many thousand years, a citadel of granite rising hundreds of feet above the plateaux and surrounded on three sides by the River Tagus.

For more than two thousand years it has been famous for its marvelous swords, daggers and other steel weapons. Under the Saracen rule the making of these swords became a fine art; for not only was the steel itself a triumph but the Arabs also brought with them the art of damascening.

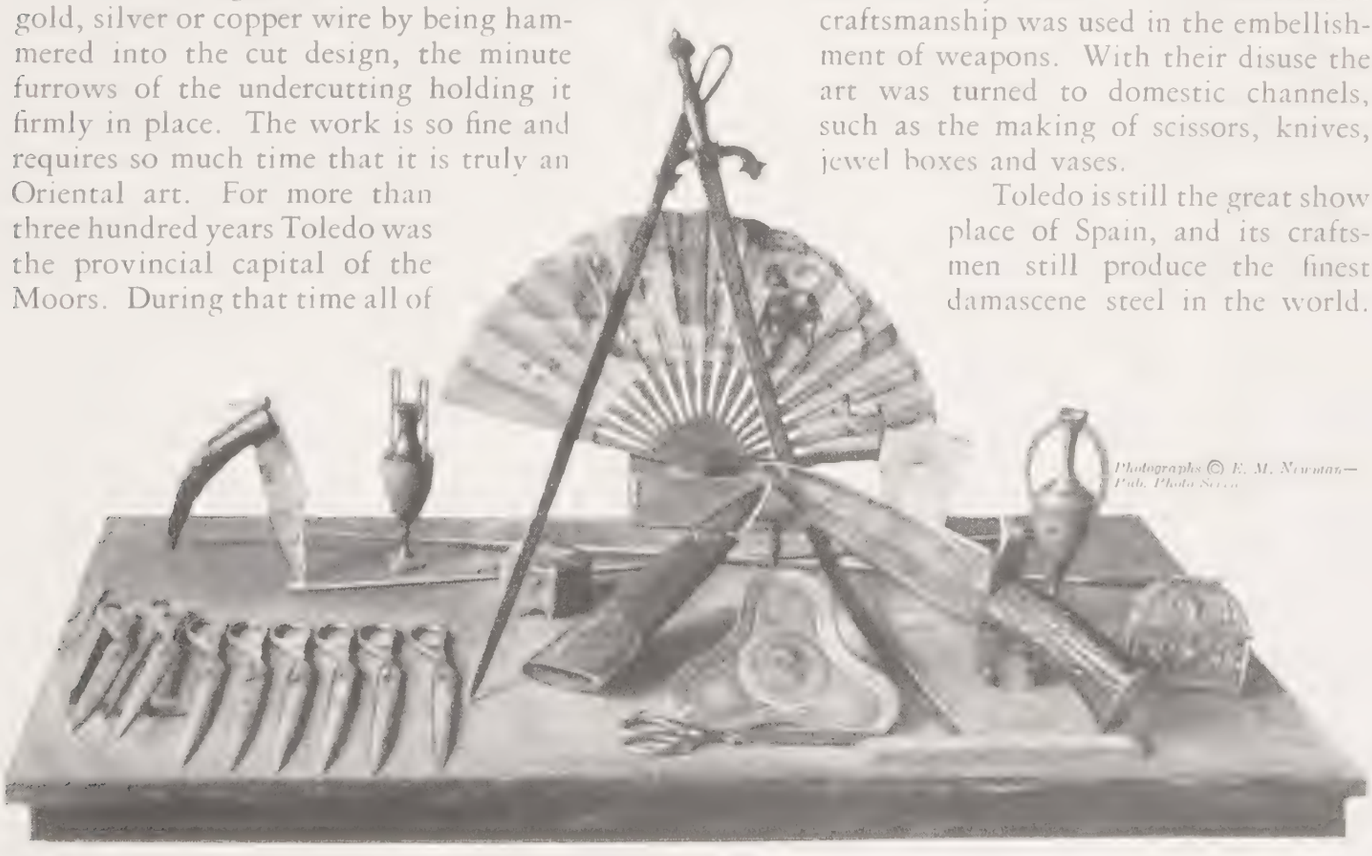
Originally the term meant the twisting together of several kinds of iron and steel and hammering them into a solid mass. This method produced a wavering effect upon the metal and was called damask steel. It cannot be produced mechanically, although it has been imitated with acids. Today damascene art is the undercutting of steel or bronze with ornamental designs that are afterward filled with gold, silver or copper wire by being hammered into the cut design, the minute furrows of the undercutting holding it firmly in place. The work is so fine and requires so much time that it is truly an Oriental art. For more than three hundred years Toledo was the provincial capital of the Moors. During that time all of their Eastern art found time to take deep root, so that today we have not only the beautiful examples of their architecture left to us but also their finest craftsmanship—damascening, or, as it is also called, damaskeening.

In Toledo, Spain, craftsmen sit in shop windows on the Calle Commercio working on vases, frames, sword blades and ornamental caskets and trays, for all to see. The design is scratched on a steel plate and a soft silver or gold wire is then imbedded in the scored surface. Firing the steel foundation makes an effective dead black contrast for gold scrolls and beading

It is a matter of historical record that the supple blades of Near Eastern lands were first introduced into Europe by Crusaders who brought back with them from Damascus examples of the highly ornamented arms they had discovered during their expeditions into the Holy Land. On genuine old Damascus swords and daggers the "watering" designs were so deeply etched that they resisted centuries of wear and friction.

In medieval days most of this wonderful craftsmanship was used in the embellishment of weapons. With their disuse the art was turned to domestic channels, such as the making of scissors, knives, jewel boxes and vases.

Toledo is still the great show place of Spain, and its craftsmen still produce the finest damascene steel in the world.



Photographs © E. M. Newman—Pub. Photo Service

Dull white "Parian" bowl and cup, made by the Bennington potters in imitation of white Parian marble

BENNINGTON POTTERY

By LORINE LETCHER BUTLER

THE historic village of Bennington, Vermont, is distinguished not only as the site of one of the most important battles of the Revolutionary War but also for its quaint old pottery of mottled brown, dear to the heart of the antiquarian and known as "Bennington Ware." Those naïve little animal figures, cows, deer, dogs with leonine manes—amusing pieces that used to sit around our grandmothers' parlors—now adorn the cabinets of fortunate American collectors.

A particularly good piece of Bennington that originally sold for a few cents will now bring as many dollars

The first Bennington pottery was established in 1793 by John Norton, a Revolutionary patriot who saw much active service under Washington. The articles manufactured by this early potter were domestic utensils, milk pans, cider jugs, churns, bowls and pitchers. The earliest specimens are of red earthenware, sometimes decorated with a dark brown "slip" or perhaps merely the smudges from the wood fires, which resulted in a pleasing effect beneath the brilliant salt or lead glaze.

The "slip" was the application of a rude design upon a piece of pottery from a fluid mixture of a clay of a different color. Before firing the piece was dusted with pulverized lead ore and the heat caused the lead to combine with the silica of the clay to form a smooth, hard surface.

The salt glaze was obtained by even a simpler method. When the articles had become red or white hot in the firing salt was shoveled into the kiln. Vaporized by the heat it collected in tiny drops on the surface of the clay and formed a thin, very hard and lustrous glaze which was highly resistant to acids, therefore useful in the making of cider and vinegar jugs.

"Coachman" flask. The stopper is the crown of the hat

This pottery continued in the Norton family for one hundred and one years—until 1894—when it was discontinued. The only person outside this strictly family affair connected with the business was Christopher Webber Fenton, a son-in-law of the head of the firm, who became a partner in 1845. The best grades of this antique pottery actually were made toward the end of the firm's existence.

Fenton had plans for more ambitious efforts, however, and leaving the Nortons he established the United States Pottery in 1850. With skilled workmen from abroad he began the

manufacture of the flint enamel animal figures, also blue and white porcelain Toby pitchers and the Parian articles, or "statuary ware," which are so zestfully sought by collectors today.

"Parian" was an interesting pottery of dull, opaque white which was intended to resemble the Parian marble and succeeded remarkably well. Figurines, even brooches and pins of intricate design, were fashioned from this medium. The "statuary ware" was originated in England by Copeland—but was copied extensively by other British potters.

Most of the articles made by the Bennington Pottery were in imitation of English ware, with certain modifications for convenience in use.

For instance, the Bennington cow. A sleek brown creature converted into a simple article of utility—a creamer! A flick of the tail forms the handle, while the cream pours generously from its mouth. In the Staffordshire piece, which doubtless was the model for the Bennington creamer, the blue and white cow was usually accompanied by one or two members of the farmer's family or perhaps a bit of lurid landscape.

The Bennington Cow—Converted into a simple article of utility—a creamer

Entrance to the interior of Bennington Toby jugs and whisky flasks is made through a coachman's hat or book binding.

In the Norton pottery twenty-two different trade marks were used during the hundred years of its existence and, in the Fenton establishment, which flourished only about ten years, twelve different signatures were stamped on their wares.

According to the rarity of the trade mark as well as the scarcity of the piece the collector pays.

An idea of the high prices that have been paid for coveted pieces is conveyed by Walter Dyer, authority on American crafts. Mr. Dyer records that at an auction sale held in Boston twenty-three years ago "a pair of flint enameled Bennington poodles brought $340. A great deal depends on the color and as a rule dishes and utility wares are of less value than the figures. I have found the following prices quoted by dealers: $50 to $100 for a good lion; $25 to $50 for the dogs, cows and deer; $75 to $150 for the white dogs; $25 to $50 for swans; hound-handled pitcher, $35 to $50; tulip pitcher, $30; other pitchers, $25 to $35; tobies, book bottles, monk and coachman bottles, $15 to $25; candlesticks, $10 or $15 a pair; cow creamer, $10; small novelties, $5 to $8. The finer Parian ware and the rarer pieces in green or blue glazes bring higher prices.

Bennington "Toby" jug, worth $15 to $25

"The collector will do well not to be carried away by the high quotations of dealers. While such prices are frequently obtained, they are really no fair indication of the real value of Bennington.

"To strike a fair average, cows, deer and dogs in good condition should be worth about $10; book bottles, $10; plain pitchers, dishes, etc., $5 to $7; coachman bottles, $12 to $15; hound-handled pitchers, $20; small novelties, $3 to $5; the finer Parian, $25 to $50. White dogs and recumbent cows are becoming very rare and are likely to bring higher prices.

"Already faking has been indulged in to some extent, the cow creamer having been reproduced and Jersey City hound-handled pitchers having been worked off as Bennington, but the collector is in little danger who takes the trouble to become familiar with the modeling, coloring and general appearance of the true Bennington."

A popular design in the Bennington line of mottled brown flint enamel animal figures

PATRIOTS *in* SILHOUETTE

Profile Portraits in "Black Shade"

John Marshall, First Chief Justice

RARE silhouettes of Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall and John Randolph are in the custody of the Library of Congress, in good company with the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution and other documents in the making and keeping of which these patriots were greatly concerned.

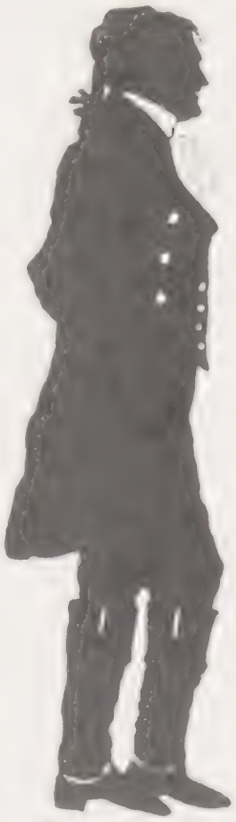
In the present days of easy photography it is difficult to realize that the silhouette was the universal likeness prior to 1859, the date when photography was perfected. Many of America's great men left no likeness save the humble "black shade," as the silhouette was labeled in its earliest days.

Scores of professional cutters have been recorded. Among those at the top of the profession were Mrs. Pyburg, Mrs. Harrington, August Edouart and the great American cutter William Henry Brown. Most shades were cut of black paper, but the finest artists developed their individual styles in paper, ink and textiles, in black and in colors, in gold and in silver. In fashionable circles it was considered a pleasing innovation to paint the profile with a mixture of pine soot and beer, which gave an intensity, a depth, not to be attained by the use of black paper

The unsigned black shades of the patriots here reproduced, whether made of black paper, homemade ink or soot, are character studies of definite personality and have become priceless Americana. Each personage played a part in the making of America. Above all and beyond all their attributes, their attainments and their mistakes these men were in the finest sense patriots.

Thomas Jefferson had many portraits painted and many miniatures made. Here he is in his boots, and that bright eager look is for some work he is overseeing. The silhouette is neither dated nor signed by the artist. It has, like that of John Marshall, the softness of brush-and-ink.

Jefferson, author of the Declaration and third President of the United States, owed his happy combination of statesman, farmer, scientist, writer, inventor, architect and his gift of "the understanding heart" to the fact that he was the product of the old aristocracy and of frontier blood.



Thomas Jefferson, Third President

Chief Justice Marshall, cousin of Jefferson on the Randolph side, was twelve years younger. His decisions in constitutional cases earned the encomium, "He made the Constitution live; he imparted to it the breath of immortality."

While John Randolph's service did not begin as early as the others mentioned, he being twenty years the junior of his cousin, John Marshall, he was a great statesman, giving his best thought to his country. At times eccentric, irritable, he loved children and animals and was loved by them. An autocrat and an aristocrat, he freed his slaves and provided for them in his will. Perhaps he would not have been so "cantankerous" had his beautiful Maria married him. But she threw him over for his cousin and he remained a bachelor. His silhouette bears the line, "John Randolph of Roanoke, on his embarkation for Russia" (183

John Rand of Ro

These great Americans, by their life service to their country, placed all posterity under a debt that never can be wiped out.

Mrs. W. L. Harris.

The MASTER CAMEO *of the* WORLD

The agate of Tiberius

Reproduction is half size

THE master cameo handed down from ancient times is the Agate of Tiberius. It is very large—thirteen by eleven inches—and the elaborate design is made to conform to the grain and color of the five layers of sardonyx that compose it. The colors vary from white to brown to dark red. The Emperor Tiberius is represented seated by his mother, Livia.

The cameo is credited to a Greek sculptor named Dioskorides. For centuries it passed back and forth between popes, kings and princes, the most desired of cameos, and finally became part of the treasure in the Sainte Chapelle, Paris. There for several more hundreds of years it rested and then in 1804 the word went out that this superlatively beautiful example of cameo sculpture had been stolen. Once more it passed from palm to palm but finally was returned to its casket under the gold turrets of Sainte Chapelle.

Unlike in form and material but also of probable Greek workmanship is another large and greatly valued cameo, known the world over as the Portland Vase, now in the British Museum. It is carved in opaque white glass on dark blue, and originally served as an urn for the ashes of a Roman emperor who died seventeen centuries ago.

A cameo is defined as a low-relief miniature cut on a hard substance, usually having two or more contrasting layers. Black and white or colored onyx is best adapted for the work, though shell cameos are more often seen than any other kind.

Pope Paul II had an unquenchable passion for cameos. He wore so many cameo-set rings that circulation was hindered, and he died from the effects.

Lorenzo the Magnificent devoted years to assembling a matchless collection of cameos.

Queen Elizabeth's favorite cutter was a Frenchman. It was he who carved the richly mounted portraits she was fond of presenting to her cavaliers as tokens of royal regard.

DEAR OLD TEMPLETON

By GRANT OVERTON

NO BETTER title could be chosen for this article about Alice Brown than the title of her new novel, for it characterizes aptly and completely the chief figure in her story. People called him "dear old Templeton" while he was still a young man. Newspaper column writer, book reviewer and novelist, he was "a very imperfectly put together organism of laziness, tolerance, love of small things and an unspoken adoration of the greater things he never mentioned, if he could help it, because they struck him as being too appallingly splendid for human eyes to stare at or human minds to fathom."

ALICE BROWN
For fifteen years a consistent contributor of short stories, novels and plays

Over forty when the book opens, Templeton has just experienced a youthful eagerness to get away on a gorgeous adventure; "his heart was pelting off to Spain." But under his shyness and ardor there is a deep affection for others and a strong sense of responsibility. While he dreams his dreams he is conscious of Amy, his wife, whose love of notoriety sates itself with lecture engagements three-deep. And Templeton is even more acutely conscious of his daughter, charming Sally, just back from a European holiday and now breasting the tide of a romantic love affair. Nor are these the only two whose claims upon him Templeton feels. There are Pat, his brother, a brilliant fellow; and faithful, loving Elizabeth and her difficult mother; not to speak of the irrepressible Irene Renfrew or those wealthy neighbors, the Calverts.

"Dear Old Templeton" is essentially the perfect portrait of a mellow, philosophic, humorous and altogether lovable personality; and beyond this the book is notable for its understanding picture of modern parents and modern children and their relationships.

No book could come more gracefully from Alice Brown, a lifelong New Englander who has not failed to see and record grim aspects of New England existence or tragic experiences of the human soul. In over a quarter of a century of writing Miss Brown, both as a poet and a novelist, has kept unbrokenly to a high and fine level of achievement. Born in New Hampshire she went to a country school and at fourteen to a "ladies' seminary." Then she taught in a country "academy" until, as she says, "fearing Double Entry and Dissatisfied Parents" she "scudded" off to Boston "and since people seem to have a liking for New England stories" fell into the habit of writing them. From short stories she progressed to novels and plays. Her "One Act Plays" is a perennial favorite with Little Theater groups and her "Children of Earth" was awarded the $10,000 prize offered by Winthrop Ames for the best play by an American writer.

For the last twenty-five years Miss Brown has lived at 11 Pinckney Street, Boston, where E. P. Whipple, the distinguished New England critic and essayist, used to live and (she says) still walks. "For sometimes on a quiet evening a door swings open and a visitor will say: 'How these old houses get warped by modern heating!' But you reply: 'It isn't the heating. Sit down, Mr. Whipple!'"

Miss Brown lives an intensely busy life. Summer finds her in her country home at Newburyport, or on her farm in New Hampshire. She is described in "The New York Evening Sun" as "a gentle, sweet-faced woman; a sweet, loving personality," a characterization which inspires her with unholy glee, since, to many of her friends, she is known as "Tiger." Even her photographs seem to be under oath to prove as noncommittal as her tongue.

HE *put the* ENGINE HEART *into* "WE"

By F. S. TISDALE

LINDBERGH, Chamberlin, Byrd, Maitland — everyone knows who and what they are. But how many know anything about Charles Lanier Lawrance? If the aviators furnished the nerve and daring for the recent succession of mighty flights, Lawrance put the vital force into the machines that carried them across. He designed and built the Wright Whirlwind motors used in the oversea hops. While European crowds were enthusiastically mobbing the birdmen foreign technical engineers had their heads under the airplane hoods marveling at these American engines.

The outstanding feature of the motor is that it is air-cooled, a refinement which does away with the extra weight and extra responsibility of radiator, pump, water jackets and the like. Mr. Lawrance is credited with being the first man in the United States seriously to consider the possibilities of this type of engine and to employ it successfully. Many years of tireless research were necessary to perfect it.

There was the usual protest of "It can't be done" and "You shan't have money for any such foolishness."

Mr. Lawrance said it could be done. Furthermore, he went ahead and did it. The faith and courage which overcame his obstacles are worthy to be placed beside the bravery and audacity of the heroes who flew the finished motor. It was this engine that took Byrd to the north pole and brought him triumphantly back. With a similar motor Clarence Chamberlin and Bert Acosta broke the world's endurance record. Lindbergh rode a Lawrance motor on his great flight to Paris. This young knight of the air delighted a jaded world by sharing all honors with his plane—the famous "We." It was Lawrance who put the engine heart into "We." The same model of motor was used by Chamberlin in his Berlin hop, by Byrd on his flight to France and by Lieutenants Maitland and Hegenberger on their leap from California to Hawaii.

CHARLES LANIER LAWRANCE
Designer and builder of the Wright Whirlwind motor, the waterless engine that carried the *Spirit of St. Louis*, the *Columbia*, the *America*, the *Bird of Paradise*, the *City of Oakland*, and their valiant crews across the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific

Mr. Lawrance is a member of an old Massachusetts family of English descent. He was born at Lenox, Massachusetts, on September 30, 1882. He went to school at Groton, Massachusetts, thence to Yale and finished off at the *École des Beaux Arts*, Paris. Trained as an engineer his attention was early attracted to the possibilities of aviation motors. As far back as 1916 he was experimenting with air-cooled engines. It was in that year that he joined the New York Naval Militia with the rank of ensign. He was not mobilized but was allowed to continue his search for a successful waterless motor; the Navy Department considered his work too important to interrupt. Lawrance persisted. The result has been that Europe has been spending much of her spare time welcoming American aviators.

The motor was first christened for its creator, but Mr. Lawrance renamed it when he went with the Wright Aëronautical Corporation. He is now president and general manager of this company. He is a director of the Aëronautical Chamber of Commerce and of National Air Transport, Inc.

Mr. Lawrance married a daughter of the late Dr. Morgan Dix, for many years rector of Trinity Church. They live in New York and have three children.

WHO, WHAT, WHEN AND WHY

On This Page We Print Such Questions and Answers Selected From Our Daily Mail as Seem to Have a General Interest

Question. I would like to know where the Atlantic Ocean is deepest?

Answer. Seventy-five miles northwest of Porto Rico the Atlantic Ocean is 27,972 feet deep. This is the greatest known depth. In 1902 the ship *Dolphin* took soundings there.

✣ ✣ ✣

Question. Please tell me the origin of block prints and something of the process of making them.

Answer. The East Indians have been using block printing in its different forms for such a long time that it is difficult to say when it was first practiced. The art was brought to Europe in the seventeenth century. The design is carved on a wooden cube resembling a child's building block, then inked on a pad and stamped on the paper or textile that is to be decorated. A separate block is used for each color.

Antique land[illegible] Massachusetts. Printed on [illegible]

✣ ✣ ✣

Question. What were the beginnings of the British Museum, and when was it opened?

Answer. The British Museum was opened to the public in 1759. Sir Hans Sloane's collection of manuscripts, prints, seals and other curiosities, together with the royal library of George II, made up the original exhibits.

✣ ✣ ✣

Question. When did the United States Government first start the building of iron battleships?

Answer. The *S. S. Michigan* was started in 1842, but not completed and launched until 1884. She was the first iron boat built for the United States navy and the fifth vessel of the American fleet.

✣ ✣ ✣

Question. Is it true that "Don Quixote" was written while Cervantes was in prison?

Answer. It is known that Cervantes was several times in a debtors' prison; however, there is no authentic knowledge that his masterpiece, "Don Quixote," was either written or conceived there. The fact that in the prologue to the book Cervantes wrote, "just what might be begotten in a jail," leads most of his readers to believe that it was created during one of his periods of incarceration.

Question. I have heard that a President of the United States was taught to read and write by his wife. Will you please tell me which President it was?

Answer. Andrew Johnson, who succeeded to the Presidency on Lincoln's assassination, was taught to write by his wife, Eliza McCardle, a woman of good education. He had no schooling in his youth, having been apprenticed to a tailor at the age of ten. During his years of apprenticeship he learned to read but it was to his wife that he was indebted for the remainder of his education.

✣ ✣ ✣

Question. Will you please tell me who first said, "Oh, Liberty! what crimes have been committed in thy name!"

Answer. One of the leading conservative minds during the French revolution was that of Mme. Marie-Jeanne Roland. She was a powerful instrument in the overthrow of the weakened monarchy but was strongly opposed to the wholesale manner in which revolutionists were killing the aristocrats. Robespierre and Marat, leaders of the most radical element, had her arrested and condemned to death. It was while waiting her turn at the guillotine that she uttered the now famous line, "Oh, Liberty! what crimes have been committed in thy name!"

Question. Is there any authority for the statement that Shakespeare drew on Plutarch's "Lives" in writing his plays?

Answer. The famous biographies by Plutarch (46-120 A. D.) were of undoubted service to Shakespeare in writing historical plays, "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Coriolanus" and others. Plutarch spent most of his life writing his "Lives" of Greek and Roman celebrities.

✣ ✣

Question. How many languages are spoken in the world today?

Answer. According to a dependable authority there are 3,424 known spoken languages or dialects, which are distributed as follows: native to the Americas, 1,624; to Asia, 937; to Europe, 587; to Africa, 276.

don't fool yourself

It makes you unpopular

No matter how charming you may be, or how fond of you your friends are, you can't expect them to put up with halitosis (unpleasant breath) forever. Don't fool yourself that you are always free from halitosis. Few people escape it.

Since you yourself cannot tell whether you offend this way, the wisest thing to do is to use Listerine, the safe antiseptic, before any engagement with nice people.

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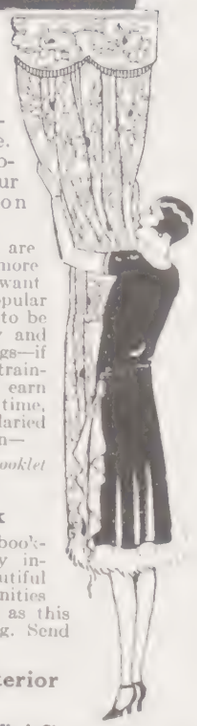

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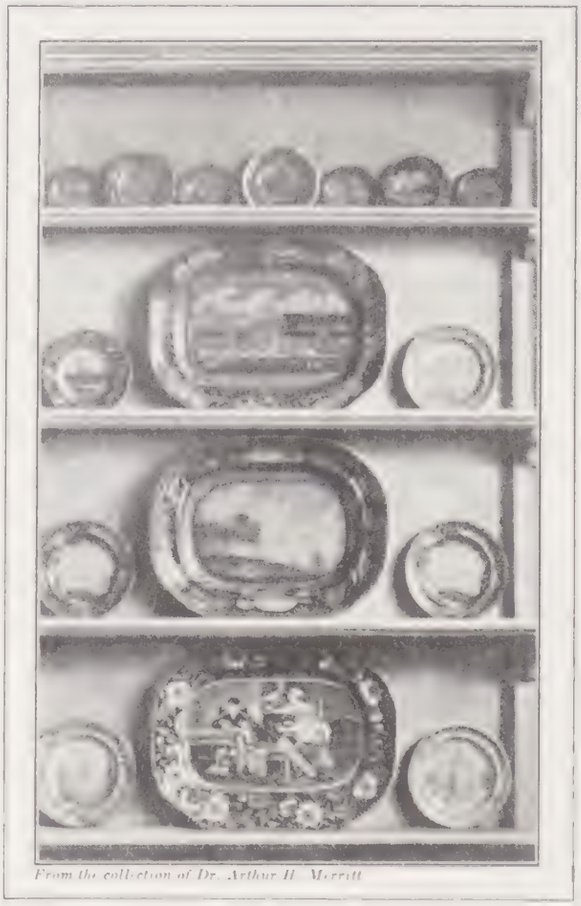


From the collection of Dr. Arthur H. Merritt

The designs of the three platters are, (top) Landing of General Lafayette, Castle Garden; (center) Niagara Falls, American side; (bottom) "The Valentine," a design by the popular Scotch painter David Wilkie

The Lure of "Old Blue"

BY a strange trick of fate the kind of pottery most cherished by Americans for historical reasons was made in England and at a period when relations between the two countries was anything but congenial. The Revolutionary War was scarcely over when the mother nation, or at least that portion of it situated in the potters' district of Staffordshire, pocketing whatever resentment it held, made haste to fill its purse with rebel gold.

Staffordshire is the county in which are the "five towns" of Tunstall, Burslem, Hanley, Stoke and Longton, in late years brought to literary fame by the pen of Arnold Bennett. This section of the British Isles made a successful bid for American trade by adorning its pottery with pictorial illustrations glorifying the Colonists' cause and country. All the important battles of the war were depicted; Washington was portrayed, ahorse and afoot, in peace and in war; Franklin peered out knowingly from many a plate, saucer, mug and jug

The trade of housewives living in populous communities was further courted with dishes bearing pictures of local interest, such as scenes on the Erie Canal; the capitol, Boston; the President's house, Washington.

Staffordshire ware came in all colors—pink, carmine, sepia, mulberry, lilac, green and yellow—but blue, "Old Blue," was the predominating color.

Though the pottery in blue transfer found its way into mansion as well as cottage it was not a high-grade ware. The makers welcomed the vogue of blue coloring because it "flowed" easily and covered imperfections.

Interest today in the ware centers chiefly on its quaint pictorial embellishments—historical, scenic and fanciful. The value of a piece depends upon the scarcity of the design it bears rather than upon period or quality. A platter showing the landing of the Pilgrims or a Lafayette scene—popular and often repeated—brings less at a sale than a rare Enoch Wood "Lake George" or a Philadelphia view by Clews.

Pieces bearing the coats-of-arms of the thirteen original states are among the most valuable from a collector's point of view. Only a small quantity of some were produced and certain examples are exceedingly rare; in fact, no copy of the arms of New Hampshire has been found, though it is known to have been made. Fifty thousand dollars was recently offered for a set of plates in the Kellogg collection representing twelve states

Makers of "Old Blue" often neglected to put their names on the ware. The lettering of others was obliterated by the thick glaze. Fortunately each potter had his own individual type of border and in that way the different works are identified. Enoch Wood used a sea-shell design, Joseph Stubbs an eagle and scroll. Birds, forget-me-nots and roses were also employed.

To see the romantic old ware carefully guarded as it is today one is liable to forget the practical purpose it once served.

The Martin Brothers

Artists in Lacquer

IN THE early part of the eighteenth century "Oriental lacquer" gained high favor in France. Many attempts were made to imitate it and some were passably successful. Many of the objects finished with this fine varnish in the possession of Louis XIV were of European manufacture. Designs were often prepared in Paris but much of the lacquer was made in China and exported to France.

Vernis-Martin, or Martin varnish, of the eighteenth century was not invented by the four Martin brothers, as is generally believed, but was brought to perfection by them. Guillaume, Simon Étienne, Julien and Robert were the children of Étienne Martin, a French tailor, and began as coach painters.

A Lacquer Monopoly

According to biographical records of the brothers Martin, the eldest of them was in business as early as 1724. Their work became very popular, and in 1730 Guillaume and Simon Étienne were granted by letters patent a twenty-year monopoly. The work of Robert, one of the younger brothers, was considered the finest and most artistic.

In 1748, at the height of their fame, the brothers directed three factories in Paris. One of them was still in existence in 1785. Their production was large and miscellaneous, and because of the fad it was applied to every possible object.

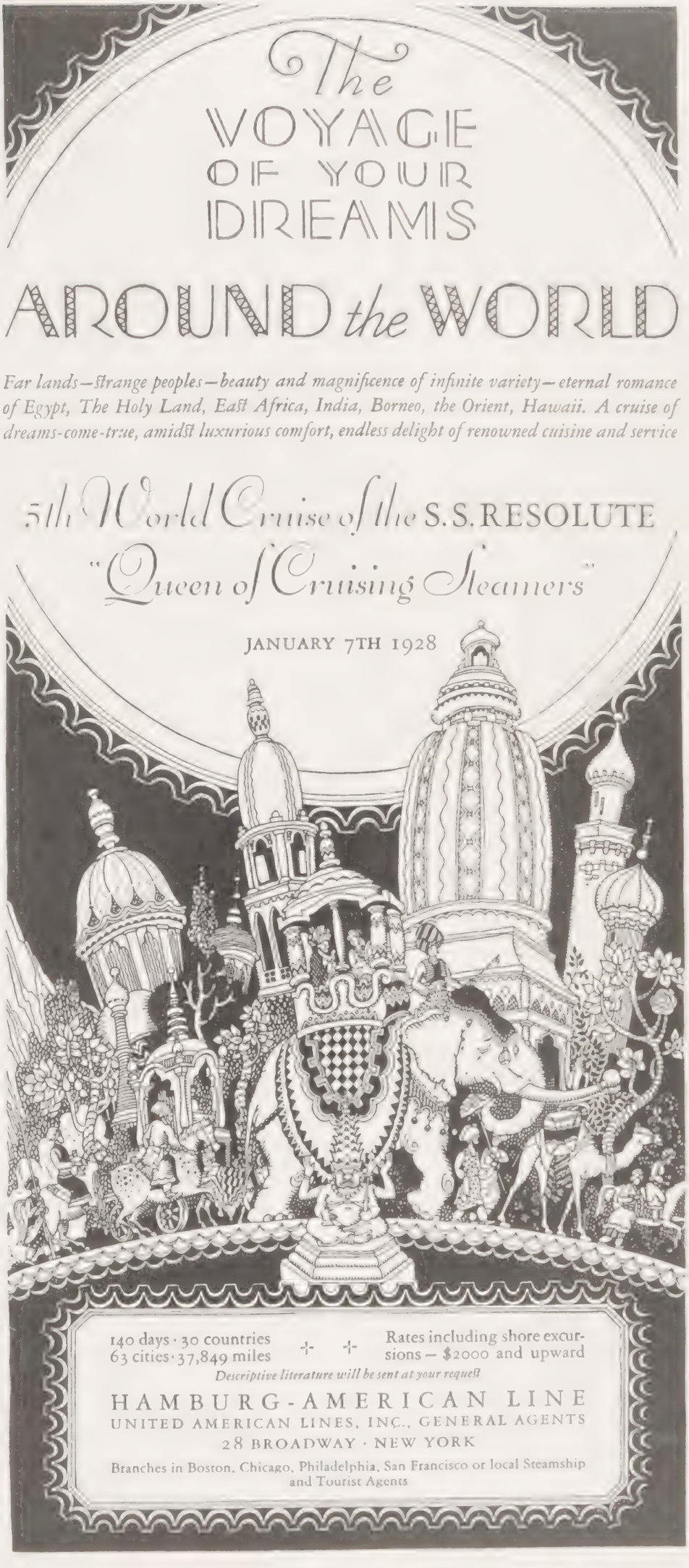
At its best Vernis-Martin has a splendor of sheen, a perfection of polish and translucence that compel the highest admiration. Every variety of Oriental lacquer was imitated and often improved upon by the brothers.

Decorative Designs

In the black with raised gold ornaments, the red, and finally in the beautiful green ground powdered with gold they reached the height of their delightful art. This delicate work, bespangled or wavy-lined with gold powder and flowers overlaid with transparent enamel, is mostly found on small boxes, fans, needle cases and similar small articles.

A vast quantity of the larger specimens from the Martin factories has disappeared, or been cut up into decorative panels. One must go to museums for the really fine examples: to the Musée de Cluny in Paris, for an exquisite children's sedan chair and the coach used by the French ambassador to Venice under Louis XV; to Fontainebleau for a famous commode. The decorations of the apartment of the dauphin at Versailles, done in 1749, have vanished.

When the Revolution came the vogue for Vernis-Martin waned, as of necessity did all luxurious products of French factories, and at the close of the eighteenth century the taste for this delicate art completely languished. Since that time the production of lacquer has been more of an industry than an artists' handicraft.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Who Wrote the Waverley Novels?

No One Knew for Thirteen Years That It Was Sir Walter Scott

FOR thirteen years Sir Walter Scott kept secret his authorship of the Waverley novels. These celebrated chronicles and romances were first published by a firm of printers and booksellers, of which, unbeknown to the public at large, he was the principal financial backer. In 1826 the venture collapsed, leaving Scott practically a ruined man. At a dinner in Edinburgh a year later and, so it happens, exactly a century ago, he was pressed by friends to acknowledge authorship of the novels.

"I had no intention of choosing the time where the thing actually took place for making the confession," he wrote afterward. Without advising Scott of his intentions Lord Meadowbank, a judge in the Court of Sessions, rose and announced to the gathering that the writer of the stories was present. In an instant all in the hall were on their feet, cheering lustily and applauding.

When the noise subsided sufficiently for him to be heard Sir Walter spoke. "The merits of the works and their faults are all entirely imputable to myself," he said. "Like another Scottish criminal of more consequence, one Macbeth,

'I am afraid to think what I have done,
Look on't again I dare not.'

I have thus far unbosomed myself and I know that my confession will be reported to the public. I mean seriously to state that when I say I am the author I mean the total and undivided author."

Scott's Reason for Secrecy

Several explanations have been advanced to account for Scott's secrecy, the most probable one being that the association of his name with the novels would have revealed his financial connection with the printing and bookselling concern that issued them. This business Scott had put his money into with the hope of gaining a more substantial income than his pen was bringing him. The enterprise was incompetently handled, however, and went under, leaving Scott in the fifty-fifth year of his life indebted for half a million dollars.

Though in failing health he courageously set to the task of clearing his name and honor. It was a race with death. Once he said, "The vessel is leaky. . . . I often wish I could lie down and sleep without waking. But I will fight it out if I can."

In the twelve years that lapsed before the ship went down he wrote "Woodstock," "Count Robert of Paris," "Castle Dangerous" and finished several books that had been started prior to his misfortune. He died content in the knowledge that future royalties would soon wipe out his debt.

Diamonds in Arkansas

THE eyes of the world have been turned recently on the new mad rush to the recently discovered diamond fields in South Africa. Diamonds have an unfailing power to rouse a gleam of excited interest in the eye.

The principal diamond fields are those of Africa, Brazil, India and Australia, while our own state of Arkansas holds the unique position of being the only section of the North American continent in which the white and yellow stones are discovered in regular deposits.

In the neighborhood of Murfreesboro, Pike County, Arkansas, diamonds, thousands of them, have been taken from the earth. The rocky strata in which the stones are found is termed peridotite, a volcanic mineral. Peridotite is the only rock known which is the original source of diamonds in paying quantities.

Diamond-bearing peridotite was put on record in 1842. The first detailed report of the mineral was made by John C. Branner, state geologist of Arkansas in 1889. He recognized the peridotite as being the same kind of diamond-bearing material he had seen in the African diamond fields, and spent many hours on his hands and knees searching the gullies and barren surfaces of the decomposed rock for the precious baubles. At first he feared to mention his discovery lest it create a stampede into that part of the country whereby the uninformed and gullible prospectors might suffer hardships and disappointments.

First Discovery of Diamonds

In August, 1906, diamonds were discovered by John W. Huddleston on his property near Murfreesboro. Stones were submitted to the foremost gem experts of the country and were pronounced genuine diamonds. Since that time three other exposures of the diamond-bearing mineral have been discovered in Arkansas. Most of the diamonds have been discovered on or near the surface, and while the output has never been made public it has been estimated by those in authority that more than 10,000 diamonds have been taken from the native soil of Arkansas. Aside from a few uncut stones placed on the market, the bulk of the stones are held by the mining companies.

The diamonds in question range in weight from small fractions of a carat to many carats. The largest diamond from Arkansas mined in 1924 weighed 40.23 carats.

In color the Arkansas stones vary from pure white, many of them of the highest grade, flawless and of sparkling brilliancy, to yellow, brown, blue and pink. Experts have pronounced them equal to the finest gems produced in Africa or India.

In mining the diamonds the ground containing them is plowed or gone over by hand. The earth thus scraped together is loaded on tram cars, when it is carried to washing plants and treated according to methods employed at the South African mines.

He Can Prevent This Hidden Danger

Many childhood ills as well as troubles that ravage health in the years of maturity can be traced to infection of first teeth. So, to protect health, to insure sound second teeth, begin taking your children to the dentist at an early age. This precautionary measure pays rich dividends.

Why 4 out of 5 are penalized

Look around you. The faces of men and women you pass on the street reveal the appalling truth. Neglect is taking its toll in health. And 4 out of 5 after forty, and thousands younger, are innocent victims of that grim foe—Pyorrhea.

At These Uneven Odds . . . Don't Gamble

What an insidious enemy it is! Its poison that forms at the base of teeth creeps through the body. Health is destroyed. Such troubles as rheumatism, stomach disorders, anemia and facial disfigurement often follow.

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This dentifrice, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., for many years a Pyorrhea specialist, prevents Pyorrhea or checks its vicious course—if used regularly and in time. It firms gums; also it keeps teeth white and protects them against acids which cause decay!

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So, to be on the safe side, start using Forhan's for the Gums, now. Teach your children this good habit.

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Paul Revere, Jack of All Trades

ALWAYS in where the turmoil was thickest, it was Paul Revere who sprang to the breach when the demand arose in the Colonies for cartoons of anti-British nature, for publication in the periodicals of the day. A silversmith by trade it was an easy step from engraving silver to engraving copper plates.

Altogether, the famous Bostonian busied himself in more varied undertakings than any of his associates in the colony. First and foremost, he was an indefatigable worker in the cause of liberty, prominent in every movement of a patriotic nature. Always up and doing he assisted in dumping tax-burdened tea in Boston harbor one day and rode the next to carry the news to New York and Philadelphia. His performances as a courier were already well known when he was assigned to make the cross-country ride at midnight that warned the Massachusetts minutemen of the approaching redcoats.

When the Second Continental Congress, meeting at Philadelphia, voted to issue bills of credit "for the defense of America" the job of engraving and printing the notes was turned over, on the recommendation of John Adams and Benjamin Franklin, to the versatile silversmith. He lacked a press but overcame the deficiency by building one. To make the notes durable he used extra-heavy paper and the English dubbed his output "the pasteboard currency of the rebels."

When Massachusetts decided to operate a gunpowder mill of its own Revere was sent to Philadelphia to study the workings of the only plant in the Colonies then engaged in the manufacture of this all-important commodity of war. The owner of the Quaker City establishment refused to divulge any of the secrets of the trade but allowed the visitor from the north to go through his mill. Revere kept his eyes open and returned to Boston with sufficient knowledge of the processes to successfully conduct a plant for the home colony.

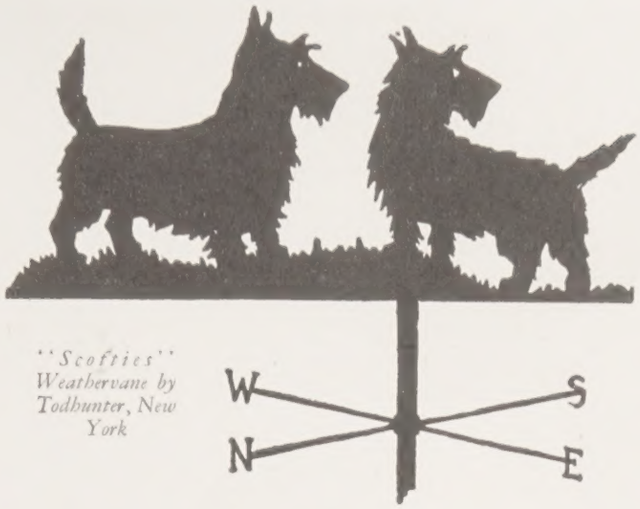
In 1783, when active service to his country was no longer required, he opened a "hardware store." On his shelves were medals, gold chains, bracelets, lockets, rings, teapots, pitchers, spoons, sugar baskets, spectacle bows, knee and shoe buckles, candlesticks and blazers. Most of his stock was of his own manufacture.

Nine years later found him launched in the foundry business. He cast cannon and cannon balls, ship and house hardware of every description. He furnished most of the metal parts—bolts, spikes, pumps, and the like—that went into the building of the United States frigate *Constitution*, "Old Ironsides." As an adjunct to his foundry he incorporated the first copper rolling mill in the new republic.

At one stage of his career he was a mechanical dentist and, according to his advertisements, "fixed teeth in such a manner that they were not only an ornament but of real use in speaking and eating." During one of Washington's visits to Boston the city's champion handy man was called in to repair the distinguished guest's plate, which incidentally had been made for him by another artist, Charles Willson Peale.

With all his other engagements—patriotic, commercial and industrial—Paul Revere never forsook the silversmith's bench entirely. Work executed by his eager, knowing hands is now the most cherished of early American silverware. Nor is it an esteem based on sentiment only but on design and excellence of workmanship. His creations are chaste, well-balanced, graceful in line and proportion, the equal of any of his contemporaries on either side the ocean.

The father of Paul Revere was also a metal worker of distinction. He was the son of Huguenot parents, and was born in France. The family name was properly Revoire, and the name bestowed at christening on the future father of the American patriot was Apollos, which he converted to Paul after emigrating to the New World. When still a small boy Paul Revere the father was apprenticed to a goldsmith in the island of Guernsey. For years he had a silver shop in Boston. On his death Paul the younger, then nineteen years of age, took over the business, with what success everyone now knows.



"Scotties" Weathervane by Todhunter, New York

Poets of the Hammer

AFTER a lapse of more than a century the trade of the smithy is flourishing again. The new lease of life given the ancient craft had its beginning a few years ago when American architectural decoration began to show a marked leaning toward Spanish, Italian and Colonial designs.

In consequence, a demand was created for the hand-made product of the blacksmith shop, and thousands of artisans were developed who today stand, in leather cap and apron, ready to serve the discerning public, just as skilled retainers of old served feudal king and lord.

Modern followers of the profession are in every way as capable as their predecessors. They inherit the abilities of Italian, Norwegian and German smiths. They have learned much from the French and Spanish craftsmen whose fascinating balconies and window grilles lent romance to the courtyards and winding streets of early New Orleans. They also drew valuable lessons from those sturdy English and Dutch forbears whose handiwork adorned cottage and palace.

A peek into one of the shops conducted by a modern follower of metal craft reveals an enchanting scene. There hang lighting fixtures reminiscent of days gone by, of the days of the stagecoach, of the galleon. There lanterns will be seen that might have thrown their shimmering beams into the brooding shadows of medieval cities. In some other corner of the busy shop are discovered weathervanes illustrative of ancient lore and legend, and ingenious candlesticks, wall sconces, footscrapers, fire dogs, frizzler sets, trivet stands. Perchance the visitor will see a rose gradually blossom on the anvil, the stem slender, the leaves delicate enough, seemingly, to flutter in a breeze. Fingers sensitive and strong spell out their graceful message.

The tools in the modern shop differ but slightly from those used centuries ago by St. Dunston, the Glastonbury monk and patron saint of ironworkers. He, like many other apostles of the craft, was a man of vision and scholarly attainments. The masterly chalices and altar rails he produced were as much a work of his mind and imagination as of his hand.

Proficiency in the calling comes only after years of persevering practice. Iron is not as easy to work as gold, silver or platinum. It contains many fine traits of character beneath its stern outward visage, but shrewd and forceful measures are required on the part of the artisan to bring them out. Each scar of the hammer on the finished product tells of the battle fought between this basest of all metals and the craftsman. It is, in sporting parlance, a "game" metal.

Ornamental treatment of iron in house decoration dates back to the time the planks of a door were held together with metal bands. Smithies gifted with a sense of the artistic began to display on these the fine points of their craft. Next they turned their attention to the window bars that protected homes from intrusion. And so the trade developed from the purely manual into a hand craft.

The recent revival of interest in objects wrought from iron signalizes a triumph for individualism—an attribute worthy of encouragement in this age of the machine, of mass production and the common mold.—*D. J. D.*

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The Open Letter

THERE are not more than two dozen collectors whose names might be called "world famous." The names of Morgan, Huntington, Walters, Widener, Frick, Freer, Clark, Altman, MacKay, Yerkes, Mrs. Gardner and a few others in this country, and Wallace, Tate, Leverhulme, Holford, Benson, the Duke of Westminster and perhaps a half dozen more in England, are familiar to all. But outside of that illustrious group—they might be said to occupy the citadels of distinction in the world of treasure—there are countless collectors, great and small, in whose possession may be found many a rare and fine prize in art, old books, furniture, textiles, jewelry, china, silver and glass.

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The art stores and the antique and rare-book shops of our great cities could never keep going if they had to depend on the patronage of that limited circle of world-famous collectors. In fact these great connoisseurs usually deal only through a special purchasing agent. The shopkeeper's business is done with that great body of enthusiastic amateurs all over the country who delight in searching out valuable bits here and there. They are not all wealthy. Many of them are men and women of moderate circumstances, some of them even poor. The taste for collecting knows no class. You will find shabby students haunting old book shops, and modest treasure hunters examining bits of antique furniture at the auctioneer's. I recall a friend of long ago who lived in humble circumstances in a lodging house, and one wall of his room was covered with bookshelves filled with rare editions.

In my early years I was engaged for a time in the rare-book department of one of our big publishing houses. An elderly, retired business man was one of our regular visitors. He bought only occasionally because he had a fine collection of books and there was little that anyone could offer that would entice him. He had, however, for a long time been looking for a very rare book—I think it was the Elzevir Horace. One day I was able to tell him that we had been able to get a copy of it. His face lighted up and his eyes glistened as we placed the little volume in his hands. "Got it, at last!" he exclaimed and carried the treasure away.

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About a year later I read the news of a public sale of a part of this gentleman's library, and I was surprised to find that the Elzevir Horace was one of the books listed in the auction catalogue. One day I met him on the street, and I talked to him about the sale. "Knowing how anxious you were for years to get hold of a copy of that book," I said, "I wondered why you sold it only twelve months later." The old gentleman looked at me thoughtfully for a minute and then gave simple and candid expression to a sentiment that lies at the bottom of a good deal of collecting. "I *did* want that book," he said; "I wanted it more than anything else in the world, and I wanted it for a dozen years. But when I finally got it I really didn't know whether to be glad or sorry—the dozen years of wanting it had meant so much to me as a collector." He then gave my elbow a squeeze and his eyes twinkled. "My boy," he said, "in cases of this sort, especially in book collecting, the joy is *more in the search than in the possession.*"

W. D. Moffat

Editor

Tom and Huck on Cardiff Hill

—where men grow young!

HAVE you ever heard of Cardiff Hill? It rears above Hannibal, Missouri, overlooking the Mississippi River, and on it stands a bronze life-sized statue of two boys.

You probably know these boys. They never lived in the sense that they "felt dawn and saw sunset glow." They dwelt in the pages of books. They are, to those of us who have spent happy hours laughing at them—and perhaps crying a little over them—the eternal symbols of American boyhood.

Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn. What finer memorial could be erected to Mark Twain than this statue of his imperishable characters.

Can it be that you are one of those who have never read Tom and Huck? Never got lost with Tom and Becky in the cave? Never floated down the Mississippi with Huck on a raft? Never laughed at lovable old Aunt Polly as she tried to discipline the irresponsible Tom?

If you have never done these things you are indeed unfortunate. But it is not too late. Read them and never grow old. Read them and go back to the boy paradise, back to the fragrance of locust blossoms on Cardiff Hill, close to the "Father of Waters."

These mischievous boys and their friends are only a few of the countless delightfully entertaining Twain characters whom you will encounter in the pages of his wonderful books. You live the quaint life of steamboat days and the Far West—you see foreign lands and people through the eyes of the master humorist—you thrill to every wholesome emotion. Mark Twain's versatile mind gave to the world a perfectly balanced library of humor, adventure, philosophy and inspiration.

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